

Single Songbook  
Binder #5

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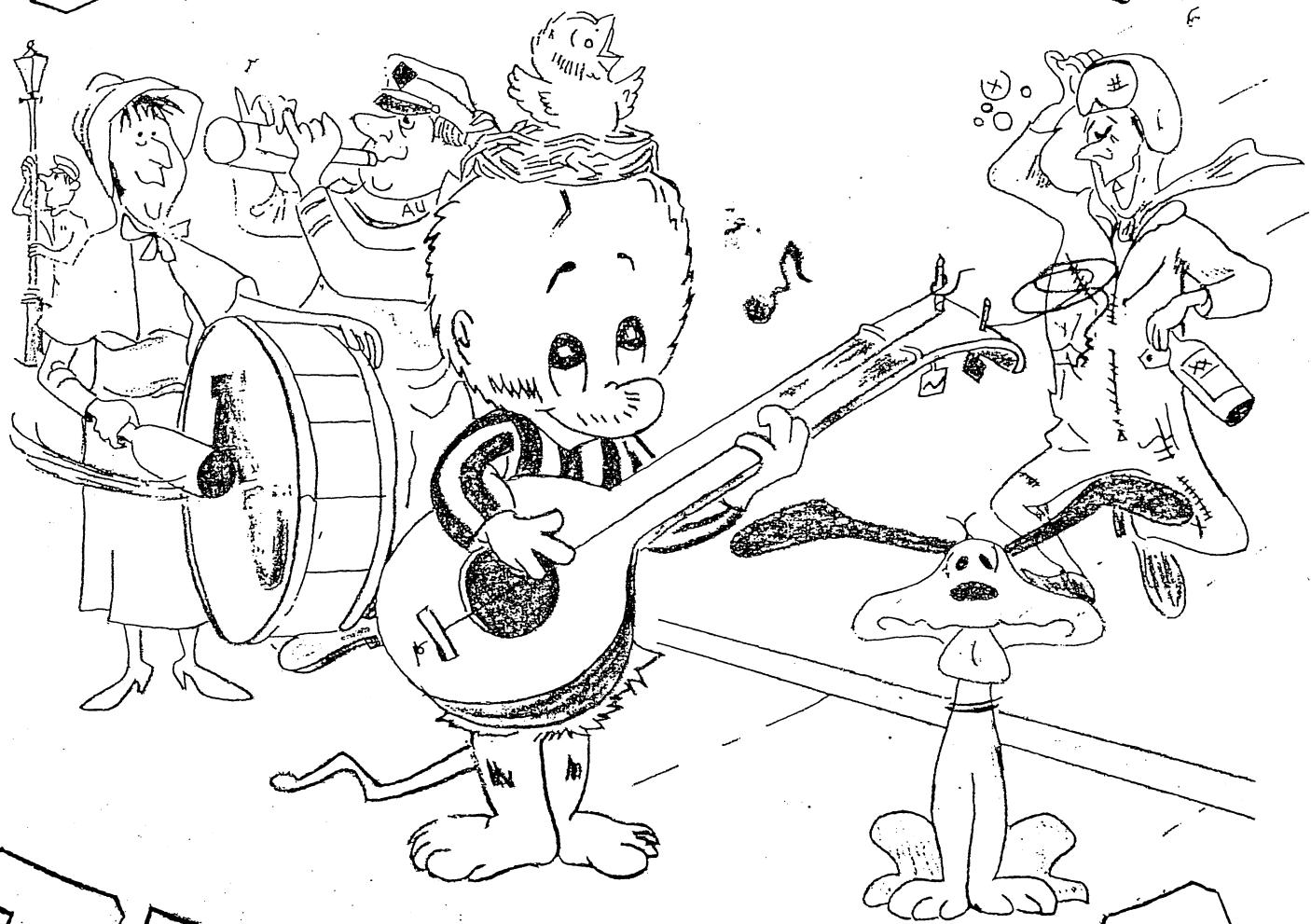
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Note: Title page and index included. (Index functions as Table of Contents)  
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Two copies included.

# SONGS OF



# RAPI THIE

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STAND TO YOUR GLASSES READY  
(To be sung standing with glasses raised)

(1)

We stand 'neath the resounding rafters  
The walls around us are bare  
They echo back our laughter  
Seems that the dead are all there

Each died the death of a hero  
In wreckage of wire and steel  
For mortal stakes they gambled  
With cards that were stacked for the deal

CHORUS: Stand to your glasses-ready  
This world is a world of lies  
Her's a health to the dead already  
Hurrah for the next man to die

We loop in the purple twilight  
We spin in the silvery dawn  
With a trail of smoke behind us  
To show where our comrades have gone

Denied by the God who bore us  
Leaving the ones they held dear  
The good have all gone before us  
And only the dull are still here

PARTIES, BANQUETS AND BALLS  
(Take me out to the ball game)

(2)

Parties, banquets and balls, boys  
Parties, banquets and balls  
As our good colonel has said before  
There's only one way to stay out of war  
That's with parties, banquets and balls, boys  
Parties banquets and balls  
We'll have parties and banquets  
And banquets and parties  
And Balls, Balls, Balls!

We're never too busy to say hello  
We're never too busy to say hello  
We're never too busy to say hello  
Hello, Hello, Hello!

HAIL THE FALCON  
(Clementine)

(3)

Hail the falcon, Hail the falcon  
With his tail up in the air,  
----- name-----rank-----  
You can kiss what's under there.

RETORT (example):

Hail the falcon, Hail the falcon,  
I (we) Heard you when you sang  
I(we) didn't like it, but I'll(We'll) kiss it  
Cause tomorrow you will PRANG

WENT FLYING (See #85)  
(Ghost riders in the sky)

(4)

The ~~\*\*~~ troops went flying, one dark and windy day  
And as they taxied by I could hear the colonel say  
I see my boys are flying and I feel so goddam proud  
The ~~\*\*~~ Fighter Squadron's going to penetrate a cloud.

(\*\* Put in your own outfit.)

Here's to \_\_\_\_\_ He's true blue  
He's a drunkard through and through  
He's a rounder, so they say  
He tried to get to heaven  
But he went the other way

So drink chug a lug, chug a lug, chug a lug  
So drink chug a lug, chug a lug, chug a lug

Hooray for \_\_\_\_\_  
Hooray at last  
Hooray for \_\_\_\_\_  
He's a horses ass

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
The place is full of queers,  
Navigators, Bombardiers  
But ther'd are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
The auto pilot's on,  
He's reading sex books in the john  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
His gyros are uncaged,  
And his women overaged  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in group  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in group  
The place is full of brass  
Sitting 'round on thier fat ass  
Oh there ore no fighter pilots up in group

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice  
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice  
It'll wreck your reputation,  
And increase the population  
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice

Oh look at those from SAGE in our club  
Oh look at those from SAGE in our club  
They don't party they don't sing  
The llth does everything  
Oh look at those from SAGE in our club

When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
He don't drink his share of suds  
All he does is flub his dub  
When a bomber jockey walks into our club

FIGHTER PILOTS (cont'd)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
They are all up above, drinking whiskey, making love,  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell

GROUP HEADQUARTERS ✓  
(Pepsi-Cola)

(7)

Group headquarters that's the spot  
Three bull colonels, that's a lot  
Six or seven L.C.s too  
Group headquarters is the place for you  
Chicken chicken chicken chicken etc.

HAND ON THE THROTTLE (Chant)

(8)

LEADER: Hand on the throttle (Repeat in unison)  
All eight of them (Repeat in unison)  
Release the brakes (Repeat in unison)  
All sixteen of them (Repeat in unison)

ALL SING TOGETHER: Off we go, into the wild blue yonder.... CRASH!\$

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT  
(Mine eyes have seen the glory)

(9)

By the ring around his eyeball you can tell a bombardier  
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread around his rear  
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, maps and such  
You can tell a fighter pilot, but you cannot tell him much

THE K.C. ROLLS  
(Battle hymn of the republic)

(10)

The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls  
The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls  
The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls  
And rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls.

CHORUS: Glory glory water injection  
Glory glory water injection  
Glory glory water injection  
For it rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls  
And rolls and rolls and rolls.

The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours  
The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours  
The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours  
And hours and hours and hours and hours and hours.

CHORUS: Glory glory rubber cushions  
Glory glory rubber cushions  
Glory glory rubber cushions  
For it flies for hours and hours and hours and hours  
And hours and hours and hours.

NOW HERE'S A TRUE STORY  
(Sweet Betsy from Pike)

(11)

Now here's a true story that you ought to hear  
The reason why all bomber jockeys are queer  
While going through flight school the instructor did shout  
It's bombers for you or we're washing you out

They took to the heavens with ten men aboard  
And after a week they were all quite bored  
And after they landed, or so I've heard tell  
Each one of the ten were just queerer than hell (Last line in squeaky voice)

BESIDE A MINNESOTA WATERFALL

(12)

Beside a Minnesota waterfall, one bright and sunny day  
Beside his shattered 162 a young pursuiter lay  
His parachute hung from a near-by tree, he was not yet quite dead  
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said.

I'm going to a better land where everything is right  
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles  
And there's poker every night  
There's not a single thing to do but sit around and sing  
With many lewd nude women

Oh death where is thy sting  
Oh death where is thy sting, ting a ling  
Oh death where is thy sting  
The bells of hell will ring, ting a ling  
For you but not for me

Oh... Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass  
Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass  
Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass  
Better days are comming bye and bye

THE BOEING TANKER

(The great ship Titanic)

(13)

Oh they built the Boeing tanker, and when they were through  
They said "Here is a ship that will fly a month or two"  
But a wire touched a wire and it started up a fire  
It was sad when the K.C. went down

CHORUS: Oh it was sad, Oh it was sad  
It was sad when the K.C. went down (into Boston)  
Husbands and wives, itty bitty children lost thier lives  
It was sad when the K.C. went down

They were cruising over Boston when the colonel gave a shout  
"Airman, get below and put that fire out!"  
The airmen went below, they were the first to go  
It was sad when the K.C. went down

And they were awaiting instructions to bail out  
The colonel tried to give them but he couldn't get them out  
You see, he had a lisp, so they all burned to a crisp  
It was sad when the K.C. went down

The tanker hit old Boston with a terrifying roar  
It bore into a school house tween the first and second floor  
School busses in the street were filled with cooking meat  
It was sad when the K.C. went down

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

(14)

CHORUS: Just give me operations  
Out on some lonely atoll  
For I am too young to die  
I just want to go home

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter-rotate  
They'll loop and they'll spin but they soon auger in  
Don't give me a P-38

Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind  
It will tumble and roll and dig a big hole  
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all squawk  
It flew like an arrow but it's gear was too narrow  
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt  
It looks like a jug but it flies like a tug  
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the Hun  
But with coolant tank dry you'll soon run out of sky  
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a P-61 for night flying is no fun  
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark  
Don't give me a P-61

Don't give me an F- Shooting Star, It'll go but not very far  
It'll rumble and spout but soon will flame out  
Don't give me an F- Shooting Star

Don't give me an F-84, their pilots aren't here any more  
They bombed in that crate but they pulled out too late  
Don't give me an F-84

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken match sticks  
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover  
Don't give me an F-86

(Don't give me an 86-D with over drive and TV  
She won't go too fast and she'll clobber your ass  
Don't give me an 86-D)

(Don't give me an F-89 though "Time" says she really will climb  
They're all in the states all boxed up in their crates  
Don't give me an F-89)

## GIVE ME OPERATIONS (Cont)

X

(Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score )  
It may fly in weather but wont hold together  
Don't give me an F-94

(Don't give me an F-one oh oh, it flies like a sled we all know )  
It may go mach one, but that's not much fun  
Don't give me an F-one oh oh

(Don't give me an F-101, the pilots don't have any fun )  
It's engines are twins but it still augers in  
Don't give me an F-101

(Don't give me an F-102 the dart that you see in the blue )  
Their pilots all wail that it has no tail  
Don't give me an F-102

(Don't give me an F-104 some call it a dirty old whore (girl))  
It may hurt a Mig but it's still just a pig  
Don't give me an F-104

## I WANNA GO HOME

(15)

I wanna go home, I wanna go home  
I don't want to fly in this farce any more  
Leave the mess for the regular corp  
Take me off alert  
I'm too young to get hurt  
Oh...My... I'm too young to die  
I just wanna go home

## SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS

(16)

It was midnight in Duluth, all the pilots were in bed  
When up stepped Colonel \_\_\_\_\_ and this is what he said  
(I hate this bloody place)  
"Pilots, gentle pilots, pilots one and all  
Night fighters, gentle night fighters." and the pilots shouted "BALLS"  
When up stepped a young lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass  
"You can take those goddam 102s and shove them up your ass."

CHORUS: Sing Hallelujah, sing Hallelujah  
Throw a nickle in the grass  
Save a fighter pilot's ass  
Sing Hallelujah, sing Hallelujah  
Throw a nickle in the grass and you'll be saved

Lying in the gutter, all covered over with beer  
Pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near  
Then came the glorious Airforce to save me from the hearse  
Everybody bust a gut and sing the second verse

I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked alright  
I turned from base to final, my God I pulled it tight  
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday spin instructions please

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS (Cont'd)

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground  
Heard a call from mobile, "Pull up and go around!"  
I yanked that deuce up in the air a dozen feet or more  
The engine quit, I almost spit, the gear came through the floor

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES

(Bless 'em all)

(17)

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all  
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all  
Bless old man Convair for building this jet  
I know a man who is cussing him yet  
Cause he tried to go right through the wall  
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all  
The needles did cross and the wings did come off  
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all

Through the wall, Throught the wall  
Through the bloody invisible wall  
That transonic journey is nothing but rough  
As bad as a ride on the local base bus  
So I'm staying away from it all  
Subsonic for me and that's all  
If you're hot you might make it  
But you'll probably break it  
Your butt or your neck, not the wall

SHARECROP

(You are my sunshine)

(18)

You are my Sharecrop, my only Sharecrop  
You guide my fighters through skies of grey  
I chase your bogies from here to Fargo  
Just to find they went the other way

The other day boys, as I was flying  
I heard a Sharecrop controller say  
I've got a bogie way down by Bismark  
Won't you head your jet that-a-way

He said he had me in radar contact  
And I believed him like a dope  
I flew to Bismark and still no bogie  
He had chased a fly across the scope

You were my Sharecrop, my only Sharecrop  
How could you let me down this way  
My chute was swinging, they heard me singing  
Won't you take my sharecrop away

THREE JOLLY PILOTS

X (19)

Three jolly pilots sat within a chinese hostel  
Three jolly pilots sat within a chinese hostel  
Then they decided to  
Then they decided to  
Then they decided to.....  
Have another brew or two

CHORUS: Drink, drink and let's be gay  
Drink, drink and let's be gay  
Drink, drink and let's be gay  
Let's have another

For he who drinks root beer and goes to bed quite sober  
For he who drinks root beer and goes to bed quite sober  
Fades as the lilly fades  
Fades as the lilly fades  
Fades as the lilly fades  
And dies by next October

But he who lives it up, and goes to bed quite mellow  
But he who lives it up, and goes to bed quite mellow  
Lives as he ought to live  
Lives as he ought to live  
Lives as he ought to live  
And dies a happy fellow

BROWN MOUSE ✓

(20)

Oh... The whiskey was spilt on the bar room floor  
And the bar was closed for the night  
When... Out of his hole crept a little brown mouse  
And he sat in the pale moon light

He... licked up the liquor on the bar room floor  
And back on his haunches he sat  
And... all night long you could hear him shout  
Bring on your goddam cat

O'LEARY'S BAR

(21)

Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving  
O'Leary was closing the bar  
When he turned and he said to the lady in red  
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."

She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer  
As she thought of the cold night ahead  
When the gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper  
And these are the words that he said.

"Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know  
About the ways of these Airforce men, and how they come and go.  
Age has taken her beauty, and sin has left its sad scar  
So remember your sisters and mothers, boys,  
And let her sleep under the bar."

SOMEBODY STOLE MY DRAWERS  
(Somebody stole my gal)

(22)

Somebody stole my pants  
I lost them at a dance  
Somebody stole my panties from me  
I didn't even  
Know they were leaving

I miss my panties so  
I'll catch a cold I know  
Gee, if he could see  
Me standing here in my brassiere  
He'd bring my panties right back to me  
Somebody stole my panties from me  
Somebody stole my drawers

MINNIE THE MERMAID

(23)

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid  
Down at the bottom of the sea  
Down among the corals Minnie lost her morals,  
Gee but she was good to me  
Now ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
There were two twin beds and in only one of them us  
Now you can easily see she's not my mother  
Because my mother is forty-nine  
And you can easily see she's not my sister  
Cause I'd never show my sister such a helluva good time  
And you can easily see she's not my sweetie  
Cause my sweetie's too refined  
She's just a slip of a kid who didn't care what she did  
She's just a personal friend of mine,  
Down by the boat house,  
A personal friend of mine.

THE SOUSE FAMILY

(24)

Drink, Drank, Drunk, Drunk  
Drink, Drank, Drunk, Drunk  
Drunk last night, drunk the night before  
Gonna get drunk tonight, like I never got drunk before  
Cause when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be  
For I am a member of the Souse family.

Now the Souse family is the best family  
That ever came over from old Germany.  
There's the highland Dutch and the low land Dutch  
The Rotterdam Dutch and the Other Dam Dutch

Sing Glorious, sing Glorious  
One keg of beer for the four of us  
Oh, Glory be to God that there are no more of us  
For one of us could drink it all alone. (Damm near)  
Here's to the Irish, dead drunk  
The lucky stiffs....

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

(25)

Sally in the alley sifting cinders  
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man  
Wind from her bloomers blew six winders  
Cheeks of her ass went  
BAM! BAM! BAM!

PUSAN U

(26)

We were roaming 'round the country side, 'Twas down by Pusan Bay  
We stopped into a local bar to pass the time away  
I met a gal from old Chin Ju, She was a sight to view  
I asked her where she came from, and she said "Pusan U"

CHORUS: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
The finest school in all the land  
The university that's grand  
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
I hail my Alma Mater  
To you, Oh, Pusan U

I enrolled in that great college, Founded by Kim Pac Su  
'Twas built of honeybuckets so they called it Pusan U  
The smell it was terrific but fortune saw me through  
So now I lift my glass to the school of Pusan U

I saw a girl most beautiful, she was a sight to view  
She won a beauty contest, she was crowned Miss Pusan U  
They spotted her in Hollywood, Now she's a star there too  
When asked to what she owes her fame she says "Oh Pusan U"

We have an A-1 baseball team, we win our games right through  
They ask us where we come from, and we say "Pusan U"  
We have a pitcher who is tops, our batters are good too  
And every time we come to bat the crowd yells "Pusan U"

PADDY MURPHY

(27)

The night that Paddy Murphy died  
I never shall forget  
The whole damned town got stinking drunk  
And some ain't sober yet

The only thing they did that night  
That filled my heart with fear  
They took the ice right off the corpse  
And put it on the beer

That's how they showed their respects for Paddy Murphy  
That's how they showed him their sorrow and their pride  
That's how they showed their respects for Paddy Murphy  
Respect for Paddy Murphy on the night that Paddy died

Hooray for Paddy, Paddy, Hooray for Paddy  
Someone's in the kitchen yelling Hooray for Paddy  
Ein Schwei, Drei, Vier, Who's gonna buy the beer?  
Hooray for Paddy, he's a damned swell guy

COMING DOWN THE HILL

(28)

Coming down the hill about a hundred miles an hour  
When the chain on his bicycle broke  
He was found in the grass with the handlebar up his ass  
He was tickled to death by the spokes

DIGGING UP FATHER'S GRAVE

(29)

They're digging up father's grave to make a sewer  
They're going about the job at some expense  
They're disturbing his remains  
To put in four inch drains  
To satisfy some local residents... Gor Blimey

So when they get the urge to defecate some  
Father will return to right the wrong  
He'll dress up in his white sheets  
And haunt the ~~john~~house seats  
And not a bloody one will stay for long... Gor Blimey

Now won't there be some bloody constipation  
And won't the bloody bastards rant and rave  
They had so damn much nerve  
They'll get what they deserve  
For buggerin' up a British workman's grave.

BOOZIN BUDDIES

(30)

A Fighter pilot lay dying  
The medics had left him for dead  
All around him women were crying  
And these are the words that he said

Take the tailpipe out of my stomach  
Take the burner out of my brain  
Take the turbine out of my kidney  
And assemble the unit again

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky  
Bosom buddies while boozin  
We are the boys they send out to die  
Bosom buddies while boozin

Up in headquarters they scream and they shout  
Bosom buddies while boozin  
Talking of things they know nothing about  
Bosom buddies while boozin

CHORUS: We are the boys who fly high in the sky  
Bosom buddies while boozin  
Bosom buddies while boozin  
Bosom buddies while boozin

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIRFORCE

(31)

Come on and join the Airforce, we're a happy band they say  
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day  
While others work and study, and soon grow old and blind  
We take to the air without a care and you will never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind  
So come on and join the Airforce and you will never mind

Come on and get promoted, as high as you desire  
You're riding on a gravy train, If you're an Airforce flyer  
Just about the time you get to general you'll find  
Your wings fall off, the dough rolls in, and you will never mind

You take it up and spin it, and with an awful tear  
Your wings fall off, the ship spins in, but you will never care  
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find  
You'll dance with Pete in an angel's suit, But you will never mind

COME AND JOIN THE AIRFORCE (Cont'd)

While flying over the ocean you hear your engine spit  
You watch the prop come to a stop, the goddam thing has quit  
The ship won't float, and you can't swim, the shore is far behind  
Oh what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind

While flying over Boston in an F-104

There's just one thing to remember, as I have said before  
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits  
It will be up there all by itself, cause I will spit and git

And if some wiley Mig 19 should shoot you down in flames  
Don't sit around and belly ache and call that bastard names  
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk, and pretty soon you'll find  
There is no hell and all is well, and you will never mind

PRANG EM ALL  
(Bless em all)

*Similar to Sam the Kid*

(33)

There's an aircraft that's leaving today  
Bound for a far distant shore  
Heavily laden with browned off young men  
Bound for a land they abhor

So we're saying goodbye to them all  
The long and the short and the tall  
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean  
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

Prang em all, Prang em all  
The long and the short and the tall  
Prang all the blonds and the redheaded ones  
Prang all the brunettes and their bastard sons  
Cause we're saying goodbye to them all  
As back to the barracks we crawl  
No roses or violets for dead fighter pilots  
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

Prang em all, Prang em all  
The long and the short and the tall  
No roses or violets for dead fighter pilots  
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

I WANTED WINGS  
(Korean version)

(34)

I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things  
Now I don't want them anymore.  
I don't want a tour in Korea that's sure  
I've had a belly ful of war  
I don't want my fanny frozen  
In that putrid land of Chosen  
Eighting Migs of Uncle Joe's  
In atmosphere that's frigid frozen, Buster,  
I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things  
Now I don't want them anymore

(Cont'd)

I WANTED WINGS (Cont'd)

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky  
Migs always make me barf my lunch  
For me there's no hey-day screaming  
"Bogies that-a-way"  
I'd rather be home with the bunch  
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off  
And that's when they shoot your ass off  
I would rather be home, Buster,  
I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things  
Now I don't want them anymore

AIR FORCE 806  
(Wabash Cannonball)

(35)

Listen to the shudder, the rumble and the roar  
I'm flying over Hibbing like I never flew before  
Feel the mighty surge of the engine, pipe temp's on the peg  
I'd give a million dollars to have it on base leg

Mayday, Duluth tower, this is 806  
I'm turning downwind and I'm in a fix  
My engine's running on the peg my fire lights are red  
You better call the crash crew and get them out of bed

Roger, Roger 806, this is Duluth tower  
I cannot call the crash crew, cause this is coffee hour  
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see  
Take it on around again, we have SAC VIP

Mayday, Duluth tower, won't you answer me  
For your information I'm landing on 23  
I know I've got a fire in back, I think she's going to blow  
I may buy this 102 so look out down below

Mayday, Duluth tower, 806 on base  
I cannot get my gear down, they won't come down in place  
I'm going to buy this 102 no matter what they say  
But I'll never have the form-1 fixed before the judgement day

Greetings Air Force 806, this is judgement day  
You're in pilot's heaven and you're here to stay  
You just bought a 102 and you bought it well  
But the famous Air Force 806 was sent straight down to hell

ODE TO THE OPERATIONS OFFICER  
(Money rolls in)

(36)

You ought to be dead you old bastard  
You ought to be damned well shot  
You ought to be tied to the floor of a ~~outhouse~~  
And left there to damned will rot

I've sat in this damn cockpit for hours and hours  
I've stuck it as long as I could  
I've stuck it and stuck it so now I say ram it  
My ass hole's not made out of wood

ON TOP OF OLD PYONG-YANG  
(On Top Of old Smokey)

On top of old Pyong-Yang  
All covered with flack  
I lost my poor wing man  
He'll never be back

For flying's a pleasure  
And dying's a grief  
And a quick triggered commie  
is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you  
And take all you save  
But a quick triggered commie  
will send you to your grave

Now the grave will decay you  
And turn you to dust  
Not one commie in a thousand  
Can a poor pilot trust

Now when the bad weather  
Keeps the ships down  
We will all hear  
This horrible sound

With throttle wide open  
He made his last pass  
On top of old Fuji  
He busted his ass

"G" Suits AND PARACHUTES  
(Bell Bottom Trousers)

(38)

Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery lane  
Her master was so kind to her, Her mistress was the same  
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be  
He was the cause of all her misery

CHORUS: Singing "G" suits and parachutes  
And uniforms of blue  
He'll fly a fighter  
Like his daddy used to do

He asked for a pillow to rest his weary head  
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead  
And she, like a silly girl, thinking it no harm  
Climed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm

Now in the morning before the break of day  
A five pound note he handed her and this to her did say  
If you have a daughter put ribbon in her hair  
And if you have a son get the bastard in the air

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see  
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee  
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly  
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by

Combined with "Fuji" (37)

Attention all pilots  
Now listen to this  
There'll be a short meeting  
That you dare not miss

They'll give us a lecture  
They'll give us some more  
But we have all heard them  
Twenty-five times or more

Attention all trainees  
You can't fight the group  
Whatever they tell you  
Is superfluous poop

On top of old Fuji  
All covered with snow  
I lost my job pilot  
For flying too low

He put on an airshow  
He did it for me  
At altitude zero  
He clobbered a tree

(14)

There was 97 aircraft parked upon the apron  
 There wasn't any room you could see  
 Now the first 46 were of modern construction  
And the last was an 86D

The first 47 were reserved for the majors  
 And the captains had the last 49  
 There was one more ship at the end of the apron  
 And the last ship on the line

It was old 97 and her fuselage was rusty  
 And her wings were warped and bent  
 She sagged in the meddle like a cow in the pasture  
 Like a cow that was quite content

Now a 2nd lieutenant walked into operations  
 And he asked for a ship or two  
 Young man, they said, we're mighty short of aircraft  
 But we'll see what we can do

It was old 97 and she had a fine record  
 But she hadn't been flown that year  
 She creaked and she groaned as he started up her engine  
 For she knew that her end was near

He flew over Duluth and west to Faribault  
 Till the mist began to fall  
 Till it settled right down on the tops of the mountain  
And he couldn't see a thing at all

He turned to the left and he ran into a snowstorm  
 So he turned back to the right  
 When he spotted a railroad running in his direction  
 And he ended his last long flight

It was old 97 her nose in a mountain  
 And her wheels were on the track  
 Her throttle bent in a forwardly direction  
 And her engine was pointed back

Now listen to me all you Air Force ladies  
 Listen to this tale of woe  
 Never speak harsh words to your aviator boyfriend  
 He may leave you and never come back

THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL  
 (Mine eyes have seen the glory)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky  
 With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly  
 But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by  
 The Air Force has gone to hell

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL (Cont'd)

CHORUS: Glory flying regulations  
Have them read at every station  
Crucify the man that breaks one  
The Air Force has gone to hell

My bones have felt their pounding throb a hundred thousand strong  
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the mighty wrong  
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song  
The Air Force has gone to hell

I have seen them in their sabres when their eyes were dancing flame  
I've seen their mach one power dives that added to their fame  
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame  
Their spirit's shot to hell

They flew F-86's through a living hell of flak  
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back  
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack  
Their technique's gone to hell

Yes, the ancient flying 80 and the fighting sabre too  
once ruled the bloody Yalu with their contrails in the blue  
But now the sky is empty and our planes are wet with dew  
And we can't fly for hell

You have heard their pounding fifties blaze from nose of polished steel  
The purring of their sabre was a song your heart could feel  
But now the T-bird charms you with it's moaning groaning squeal  
And it won't climb for hell

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song  
About the wild blue yonder and the days when men were strong  
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong  
The Air Force has gone to hell

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK  
(Strip Polka)

(41)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar  
You can see the old goat standing beside his office door  
He'll be sweating out the takeoff as he's often done before  
The man behind the armor plated desk

Four times he's led us up there and he's always led us back  
For he circled o'er the I.P. as we went in to attack  
He said, " I'm hard yet fair, boys, but allergic to ack ack."  
The man behind the armor plated desk

When the target's sighted who inspires our attack?  
Who says " Hundreds may go in, lads, but a few aren't coming back."  
Who says " We'll disregard the minimum, when you suppress the flack"  
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the mission's over and debriefing they should be  
You can search the whole field over but not a pilot you will see  
For they'll all be at the "O" club with a mixed drink in their hand  
Singing "The Man Behind The Armor Plated Desk"

EARLY ABORT  
(McNamara's Band)

(42) X

Oh, my name is Col. I'm the leader of the group  
Just step into my briefing room, I'll give you all the poop  
I'll tell you where the commies fly and where they like to roam  
I'll be the last one to take off, The first one to come home.

CHORUS: Early abort avoid the rush  
Early abort avoid the rush  
Early abort avoid the rush  
The \_\_\_\_\_ on parade

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things that they can do  
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true  
The pilot's, they are ready, but let their leader shout  
And all those bastards yell at once, "My gyros won't check out!"

Oh, we fly those bloody 102s a million miles an hour  
We can fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody shower  
And we fly so bloody fast, it fills us with alarm  
Loose a bloody rivet and you've surely bought the farm

Oh, we fly those bloody 102s at 90,000 feet  
We fly them through the rain and fog and through the bloody sleet  
And when we're flying bloody high, we're feeling awfully low  
Loose the cabin pressure and it'll be an awful blow

And now I'm sure you know of all the leaders in the wing  
Any night in the "O" club you can hear how well they sing  
With words they fight a helluva war, they say they want to fly too  
But you give them half a chance to fly and here's what they will do

But now there's no war going on and we're all in the U.S.A.  
We'll fly the planes in all war games and do what the generals say  
But if we have another war, and they send us overseas  
To hell with all the general staffs, to hell with those S.O.B.s

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE  
(My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

(43)

In peace time the regulars are happy  
In peace time they're happy to serve  
But let them get into a fracas  
And they'll call out the goddam reserves  
CHORUS:

Call out, call out  
Call out the goddam reserves, reserves  
Call out, call out  
Oh, Call out the goddam reserves

Here's to the regular Air Force  
They have such a wonderful plan  
They call out the goddam reservists  
Whenever the spit hits the fan

They call up every old pilot  
They call up every young man  
The reservists all go to Korea  
The regulars all stay in Japan

Here's to the regular Air Force  
With medals and badges galore  
If it weren't for the goddam reservists  
Their ass would be dragging the floor

Fight on, fight on  
Fight on regular Air Force  
Fight on, fight on  
Fight on, fight on  
Regular Air Force fight on

There once was a maiden named Adeline Guff  
Said "Faith and begorra, I must have a Stuff  
I can't lay here farting and just passing gas."  
So she ups the window and hoists out her ass

CHORUS: It was brown, brown stuff falling down  
Brown, brown stuff fall around  
It was brown, brown shit falling down  
His life it was ruined by stuff, stuff, stuff, stuff!

A certain young copper was pounding his beat  
You could tell it was him by the sound of his feet  
When all of a sudden he looks up in the sky  
And a dirty brown ~~bird~~ hit him right in the eye

This certain young copper he cursed and he swore  
And he called A deline a dirty old whore  
By London bridge you can still see him sit  
With a sign hanging over him, "Blinded by stuff."

OUR OUTHOUSE

(45)

Please don't burn our ~~out~~ house down  
Mother has promised to pay  
Father's on the ocean waves  
Kate's in the family way  
Brother dear has gonnorrhea  
Times ate foggong hard  
So please don't burn our ~~out~~ house down  
Or we'll have to crap in the yard

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN  
(My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

(46)

My father makes beer in the bath tub  
My mother makes three kinds of gin  
My sister makes love for a living  
My God, how the money rolls in

CHORUS: Rolls in, Rolls in  
My God how the money rolls in rolls in  
Rolls in, Rolls in  
My God how the money rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary  
Wot saves pure young maidens from sin  
He'll save you a blond for ten dollars  
My God how the money rolls in

I've an uncle who was a nightwatchman  
Who spent all his might in a pit  
He used to come home in the morning  
All covered all over with spit

One night was so dark and so stormy  
When uncle went down to the pit  
The wind went and blew out his candle  
And uncle fell down in the spit

Poor uncle has never recovered  
From his accident down in the pit  
His funeral takes place tomorrow  
He'll be buried in six feet of spit

ON A STUMP

(47)

He laid her ass upon a stump  
He laid her ass upon a stump  
He laid her ass upon a stump  
SLOWLY: And... then... he...  
FAST: Missed her ass and hit the stump  
Missed her ass and hit the stump  
HA HA HA HO HO HO... HORSE CHAP.

CATS ON THE ROOF TOPS

(48)

Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles  
Cats with the syphilis, cats with the piles  
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles  
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Hipopotamus so it seems  
Very seldom has wet dreams  
But when he does it comes in streams  
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Down in the Pampas, down in the grass  
Mamma armadillo has an iron bound ass  
But papa armadillo has a thing of brass  
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Way down south where the alligators roar  
There isn't such a thing as an alligator whore  
Because all the alligators are so sore  
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Now the donkey on the common is a jolly old bloke  
He very seldom gets his poke  
But when he does, he lets it soak  
As we revel in the joys of copulation

NELLIE DARLING

(49)

Oh, your asshole's like a stove pipe, Nellie darling,  
And the nipples on your tits are turning green  
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel  
You're the ugliest doggone bitch I've ever seen

There's a million crabs abounding round your privates  
When you pee, you pee a stream as green as grass  
There's enough wax in your ear to make a candle  
So why not make one, dear, and shove it up your ass

SIDNEY SPECIAL

(50)

Monday I touched her on the ankle  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee  
And Wednesday after mess, I lifted up her dress  
And Thursday her chemise, Gor Blimey  
Friday I put me hand upon it  
Saturday she gave me ball a tweak  
And it was Sunday after supper, I slipped the whole thing up her  
And now I'm paying seven bob a week, Gor Blimey  
I don't want to join the army, I don't want to go to war  
I just want to hang around Picadilly underground  
Living off the earnings of a high class laydie  
Don't want a bullet up me arshore, Don't want me buttocks shot away  
I'd rather stay in England, Jolly Jolly England  
And fornicate me bloody life away, Gor Blimey  
Call out the members of the home guard, They'll make life worthwhile  
Call out the royal Territorials, They'll face dangers with a smile  
Call out the army and the navy, they'll keep England free  
You can call out me mother, me sister and me brother  
But for Christ's sake don't call me

As I was sitting in O'Riley's tavern  
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter  
Came a thought into my mind  
Why not shag O'Riley's daughter  
CHORUS:

Fiddle dee ie ee, fiddle de ie oo  
Fiddle dee ie ee, for the one ball Riley  
Rig a jig jig sing balls and all  
Rub a dub dub shag on

I grabbed that she bitch by the tit  
Then I threw my left leg over  
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more  
Shagged till the fun was over

Came a knock upon my door  
Who should it be but her one ball father  
Two horse pistols in his hands  
looking for the guy who shagged his daughter

I grabbed that bastard by the ball  
I shoved his head in a pail of water  
Rammed those pistols up his ass  
A helluva lot faster than I shagged his daughter

Now as I go walking down the street  
People shout from every corner  
(Shout and point) There goes the dirty son-of-a-bitch  
The guy that shagged O'Riley's daughter

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

An airman told me before he died  
And I don't think that the bastard lied  
That he had a girl with a thing so wide  
That she could never be satisfied

So he built a thing of steel  
Driven by a great bloody wheel  
Two brass balls he filled with cream  
And the whole doggong issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel  
In and out went the thing of steel  
Until at last the maiden cried  
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied!"

Now we come to the bitter bit  
There was no way of stopping it  
The maid was torn from ass to tit  
And the whole doggong issue was covered with .....

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses  
Covered all over over from head to toe  
Covered all over with ... spit

Passengers will please refrain  
From flushing toilets while the train  
Is standing in the station I love you  
As we go strolling in the park  
And goosing statues in the park  
If Sherman's horse can take it why can't you

You're the gut that did the pushing  
Put the wet spots on my cushion  
Foot prints on the dash board upside down  
Every since you met my daughter  
She's had trouble passing water  
Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy that did the pushing  
Put the wet spots on your cushion  
Foot prints on the dashboard upside down  
Since I've met your daughter Venus  
I've had trouble with my penis  
Wish I'd never seen your goddam town

NO BALLS AT ALL

Gather you rounders and listen to me  
I'll tell you a story that'll fill you with glee  
It's about a young maiden so fair and so tall  
Who married a man who had no balls at all...WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all,  
She married a man who had no balls at all

On their wedding night when she jumped into bed  
Her cheeks were all rosey her lips were all red  
She reached for his thing, his thing was small  
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all...WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all  
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Mother, dear mother, I wish I were dead  
I'll go to my grave with my own maidenhead  
My future is slender, my hopes they are small  
For I've married a man who has no balls at all...WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all,  
For I've married a man who has no balls at all

Daughter, dear daughter, now don't be so sad  
I had the same trouble when I married your dad  
But many's the flyer who will answer the call  
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all...WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all  
She married a man who had no balls at all

Continued next page

## NO BALLS AT ALL (Cont'd)

Now this young maid took her mother's advice  
And found the proceedings exceedingly nice  
And a bouncing young baby was born in the fall  
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all... WHAT??

No balls at all, no balls at all  
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all

Now the babe was examined that very same night  
By a doctor who swore he examined it right  
And the thing that he found most peculiar of all  
Wh-s, the babe had a thing, but no balls at all...WHAT??

No balls at all, no balls at all  
The babe had a thing, but no balls at all

## DID MAN'S LAMENT

(55)

Now I'm old and feeble, my pilot light is out  
What used to be my sex appeal is now my water spout  
I used to be embarrassed, to make the thing behave  
For every single morning it would stand and watch me shave  
But now I'm growing older, and sure it gives me blues  
To have the thing hang down my leg and watch me shine my shoes.

## ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

(56)

Roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over  
Roll your leg over the man in the moon

I wish all the girls were like fish in the ocean  
^ I were a whale, I'd teach them the motion

I wish all the girls were like little white rabbits  
And I were a bunny. I'd teach them bad habits

~~I wish all the girls were like B-29s~~  
And I a pursuit ship, I'd buzz their behinds

I wish all the girls were like bells in the tower  
And I were a clapper, I'd bang them for hours

I wish all the girls were like bricks in a pile  
And I were a mason, I'd lay them in style

## MY GAL'S A CORKER

(57)

My gal's a corker, she's a New Yorker  
I buy her everything to keep her in style  
She wears my coveralls, I stand and freeze my balls  
Hey, boys, that's where my money goes

She's got a pair of legs, just like two whiskey kegs  
She's got a pair of hips, just like a battleship  
She's got a hairy runt, just like an elephant  
She wears silk underwear, I wear my G.I. pair  
She's got a pair of tits, just like two boxing mits

I'M LOOKING UNDER (L. Lorking 6/6)

(58)

I'm looking under a dress and wonder  
Why I haven't looked before  
First comes the ankles, then comes the knees  
Then comes the panties that sway in the breeze  
No use explaining the thing remaining, is something we all adore  
I'm looking under a dress and wonder  
Why I haven't looked before

HI JIG A JIG

(59)

CHORUS: Singing.....

Hi Jig-a-jiggy, frap a little piggy sideways, (Scush Scush)  
My ideal woman is a big fat girl... whiz bang... some stick  
Two dolla's you pay, for a bang up each way  
and a tune on a spanish guitar, Plink Plank Plunk

The captain he rides in a motorboat  
The admiral rides in a gig  
It won't go a goddam bit faster  
But it makes the old bastard feel big

We all may be dead tomorrow  
No one gives a flip but our wives  
Let's drink and get royally plastered  
And enjoy what we can of our lives

Oh, the sexual life of the camel  
Is stranger than anyone thinks  
In moments of amorous passion  
He tried to make love to the Sphinx  
But the Sphinx's posterior orifice  
Was clogged by the sands of the Nile  
Which accounts for the humps on the cammel  
And the Sphinx's inscrutible smile

I LOVE MY WIFE

(60)

I love my wife, (yes I do, yes I do) I love her true  
I love the hole she pee pees through  
I love her ruby red lips and her lilly white tits  
And the hair around her butthole  
I'd eat her stuff, chompety chomp, chompety chomp  
With a rusty spoon

SOUTH OF THE NAVEL

(61)

South of the navel, down testicle way  
That's where the battle's won when my big gun comes into play  
The doctor's have warned me, that I mustn't stray  
South of the navel, down testicle way

How she smiled as she kissed my banana, never dreaming that I was farting  
And I smiled as she kissed my banana, for my banana never came

South of the navel, down testicle way  
That's where I got the bug, as on the rug I had my lay  
No more shall I wander, No more shall I stray  
South of the navel, down testicle way

TOGETHER

(62)

We both got drunk, together  
Took off our junk, together  
Lay in a bunk, together  
But it was no joke when the rubber broke

Now we have twins, together  
For we have sinned, together  
Now, take it from me, keep good company  
And keep both your legs together

OLD GREY BUSTLE

(63)

Put on your old grey bustle and get your fanny in a hustle  
For tomorrow the rent's comming due  
Put your ass in the clover, let the boys look it over  
If you can't get five, take two.

Put on your old pink panties, that used to be your aunties  
And we'll go for a tussle in the hay  
Now there's no use running cause you're gonna get some funning  
In the good old fashioned way

Put on your old grey corset, if it won't fit we'll force it  
For the fleet's comming in today  
As the bees make honey, let your ass make some money  
In the good old fashioned way

Put on that old blue ointment, to the crab's disappointment  
And take a shower once or twice a day  
Though it burns and itches, it will kill those sons-of-bitches  
In the good old fashioned way.

SAMMY SMALL

(64)

Oh, my name is S----, prang em all  
On, my name is Sammy Small, prang em all  
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one ball  
But it's better than none at all, prang em all

Oh, they say I shot a man dead, prang em all  
Oh, they say I shot a man dead, prang em all  
Oh, they say I shot a man dead with a silly piece of lead  
Now the silly fellow's dead, prang em all

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, prang em all  
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, prang em all  
Oh, they say I'm going to swing from a silly piece of string  
What a silly frapping thing, prang em all

Oh, they say I greased the rope, prang em all  
Oh, they say I greased the rope, prang em all  
Oh, they say I greased the rope with a silly piece of soap  
What a silly crumping joke, prang em all

SAMMY SMALL (Cont'd)

Oh, the parson, he will come, prang em all  
Ch, the parson, he will come, prang em all  
Oh, the parson, he will come with his tales of kingdom come  
He can shove them up his bung, prang em all

Oh, the sheriff'll be there too, prang em all  
Oh, the sheriff'll be there too, prang em all  
Oh, the sheriff'll be there too with all his silly crew  
They've got nothing else to do, prang em all

Oh, the hangman will be there, prang em all  
Oh, the hangman will be there, prang em all  
Oh, he'll wear his silly mask for his silly crumping task  
What a silly frapping ass, prang em all

I saw Molly in the crowd, prang em all  
I saw Molly in the crowd, prang em all  
I saw Molly in the crowd and it made me feel so proud  
That I shouted right out loud, prang em all

PLEASE DON'T PUT YOUR PANTS ON

(65)

Please don't put your pants on  
We haven't said goodnight  
For two or three more hours  
I'm going to try with all my might  
You and your virtue, honey  
I'm not going to hurt you  
Please don't put your pants on  
Because we haven't said goodnight

THE WIFFENPOOF'S SONG

(66)

From the tables down at Mauries  
To the place where Louie dwells  
To the dear old Temple Ba<sup>f</sup> we love so well  
See the Whiffenpoofs assembled  
With their glasses raised on high  
And the magic of their singing casts a spell  
Yes the m<sup>g</sup>ic of their singing, and the songs we love so well  
"Am I wasting" and "Mavoorning" and the rest  
We will seranade our Louie, while life and love shall last  
Then we'll pass and be forgotten like the rest  
We're poor little lambs  
Who have lost our way  
Baa, Baa, Baa  
We're little black sheep  
Who have gone astray  
Baa, Baa, Baa  
  
Gentlemen flyers off on a spree  
Doomed from here to eternity  
Lord, have mercy on such as we  
Baa, Baa, Baa.

THE AIR FORCE SONG

(67)

Off we go into the wild blue yonder  
Climing high, into the sun  
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder  
At em boys, giver her the gun.  
Down we dive spouting our flame from under  
Off with one heluva roar  
We live in fame or go down in flame  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

Here's a toast to the host of men who love the vastness of the sky  
To them we send the message of their brother men who fly  
We drink to those who gave their all of old  
As down we dive to scare the rainbow's pot of gold  
Here's a toast to the host of men who The U.S. Air Force

Off we go into the wild sky yonder  
Keep your wings level and true  
If you'd live to be a grey haired wonder  
Keep your nose out of the blue  
Fighting men, guarding our nation's borders  
WE'll be there followed by more  
In echelon we'll carry on  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

RAVISHED

(68)

He grasped me by my slender neck, I could not call or scream  
He took me to his dingy room, where we could not be seen  
He tore off all my flimsy wraps and gazed upon my form  
I was so very cold and damp, and he so hot and warm  
He pressed me to his eager lips, I could not make him stop  
He drained me of my very life, I gave him my last drop,  
He made me what I am today, that's why you see me here,  
A broken bottle thrown away, that once was full of beer

ALICE BLUE GOWN

(69)

In her sweet little Alice blue gown  
The first time she lay ~~on~~ the ground  
She was bashful and shy  
When she opened my fly  
And the first time she saw it  
I thought she would die

It went up and wouldn't go down  
Until I finally had her ~~on~~ the ground  
I shoved it and shoved it  
My God how she loved it  
Underneath her Alice blue gown

BLUE HEAVEN

(70)

A turn to the right, a little red light  
will lead you to my Blue Heaven  
You'll see a smiling face on a pillow case  
A form devine  
She's just a whore, she's been had before  
But now she's mine  
Just Molly and me, there'll never be three  
We're careful in my Blue Heaven

MANILA POM-POM SONG

(71)

(Drinking Rum and Coca-Cola)

Have you ever been in the Philippines?  
The place is full of pom-pom queens  
The clap is bad but the syph is worse,  
So flub your dub for safety first.

CHORUS: Singing rum and coca-cola  
Come down to old Manila  
Both mother and daughter  
Working for the yankee dollar

The women with their dirty feet  
Walk up and down Manila street  
They come up close and whisper low  
"How about a little pom-pom, Joe?"

The Philippine pimp is very smart,  
He gets his dough before you start.  
The pom-pom there is very nice,  
But twenty pesos is a hulluva price

AFTER THE BALL

(72)

After the ball was over,  
Mary took out her glass eye,  
Put her peg leg in the corner,  
Hung up her false hair to dry,  
Put her false teeth in a tumbler,  
Hung her wax tit on the wall.  
Not much was left of Mary—  
After the ball.

LAST NIGHT I HELD A LITTLE HAND  
(Genevieve)

(73)

Last night I held a little hand,  
So dainty and so neat.  
I thought my heart would surely break,  
So loudly did it beat.

No other hand unto my heart,  
Could greater solace bring,  
Than the hand I held last night...  
Four aces and a king.

WEST MICHIGAN STREET  
(Isle of Capri)

(74)

'Twas on west Michigan Street that I met her  
She was drunk, and her name was Marie  
She wispered so no one could hear her,  
"Would you like to come upstairs with me?"

Her eyes were as blue as the ocean,  
Her lips were of a very deep hue,  
I slipped twenty bucks in her pocket,  
Took my place at the end of the queue.

T'was only a few minuets later,  
That I went to her small room above,  
And there for a very brief moment,  
I partook of that popular love.

When I awoke the next morning,  
I was worried, as worried as could be,  
For that very brief moment of pleasure  
Had been, oh, so costly to me.

Now the moral of this little story  
Is plain, as maybe you'll see  
If you ever go down into Duluth,  
Stay away from west Michigan Street

IT'S TRAGIC

(75)

You sigh, your teeth fall out  
You smile, and I smell sauerkraut  
It's tragic  
The birds desert the air  
And rush to nestle in your hair  
It's tragic

IF YOU FLY AN '89'

(76)

If you fly an Eighty-nine,  
You must be deaf, dumb, and blind,  
For your life ain't worth a dime--  
What's your scheduled blow-up time?

CHORUS: Did you go boom today?  
Did you go boom today?  
Allison ain't here to stay

If you fly a Ninety-four,  
You will never holler more,  
For your lot we do pine,  
But it's better than an Eighty-nine.

If you fly an Eighty-six  
You will really get your kicks,  
Bouncing those subsonic boys  
Playing with their radar toys.

Final chorus is the same as above but end with :"We fly GEEEEEE!!

THOSE SWINGING DOORS

(77)

It was a Saturday night ~~on~~ the old Air Force Base,  
The barroom was merry and gay  
And far from this laughter a mother did wait  
For Pop to come home with his pay

"Oh, Mother, dear Mother, oh, where can he be?"  
The daughter exclaimed through her tears  
The mother replied, "I'm sadly afraid,  
Your father has stopped for some beers."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out  
While some pass in and others pass out  
Your father, I fear, has his nose in some beer,  
Behind those swinging doors.....  
Behind those swinging doors

"Now I shall go fetch him," the daughter did say,  
"He shant bring disgrace to our name"  
So straightway she went to the Officer's Club  
To save her poor father from shame.

"Oh Father, dear Father, come home with me now,  
The clock in the steeple strikes two.  
The rent's to be paid and I'm sadly afraid,  
You'll spend all of your money for brew."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out,  
While some pass in and others pass out.  
Through the smoke and the haze, there stands Pop in a daze  
Behind those swinging doors.....  
Behind those swinging doors.

Each Saturday night ~~on the old~~ Air Force Base,  
The pilots come in with their gold  
And Father blows in all his wages for gin,  
And Nellie goes home in the cold.

"Oh, Mother," She wailed, "my mission I've failed,  
My father will ne'er mend his ways."  
The mother replied, "It's always the same,  
It's always the woman who pays."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out,  
While some pass in and others pass out.  
The story is told of a fool and his gold,  
Behind those swinging doors.....  
Behind those swinging doors.

WE FLY DEUCES (Bye-Bye Blackbirds)

(78)

Here we stand down on the ground  
We can't fly when there's clouds around  
We fly Deuces  
Go in fast and come out slow,  
Hit a cloud and down we go,  
We fly Deuces

No one here can penetrate a bumper  
You should hear the bull spit ~~Conyair~~  
hands us  
Mix those drinks and mix em right  
Because we're standing down tonight,  
Deuces we fly

MY DARLING 102  
(My Darling Clementine)

(79)

In the cockpit of my fighter,  
Trying hard to go mach two,  
But, alas, my engine faltered,  
Fare thee well, my 102.

When you're spinning very flatly,  
And you've got a worried mind,  
That's all, brother, hit the jumpsack,  
Bid farewell to your 102.

CHORUS: Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,  
Oh, my darling 102  
You are lost and gone forever  
Fare thee well, my 102

All the brass hats in our congress,  
They have signed the dotted line,  
They are lucky, they just bought it,  
And don't fly the 102.

JET PILOTS IN THE SKY ✓  
(Ghost Riders in the Sky)

(80)

A 102 got airborne one dark and windy day  
And as he raised the landing gear you could hear the pilot pray,  
"Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound,  
Don't let that fire go out, dear Lord, till I'm safely on the ground.

CHORUS: Yippi i yoh, Yippi i yay  
Jet pilots in the sky

And as our Deuces leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame,  
Our pilots all may go through hell, but they fly them just the same,  
The crew chiefs work forever to keep them flying high,  
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by.

Day and night our pilots fly, to live up to their name,  
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on in fame.  
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high,  
They cuss and cry, live and die-- jet pilots in the sky.

U.S. CHAIR FORCE SONG  
(Air Force Song)

(81)

Here we go, into the file case yonder,  
Diving deep into the drawer.  
Here it is, buried away down under,  
The record we've been searching for.  
Off we go, into the CO's office,  
Where we get one helluva roar.  
We live in miles of paper files,  
Nothing will stop the U.S. Chair Force.

3rd verse  
Here we go, into the file case yonder,  
Keep the margins level and true.  
If you'd live to be a grey haired wonder  
Keep your nose out of the glue  
Office men, guarding the paper blizzard,  
We'll be there, followed by more.  
With dictionary, we're stationary--  
For nothing can move the U.S. Chair Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who slave  
with feet on desks so high.  
To a friend we will send a message of  
the trials of the swivel-chair guy.  
We type and file, and though we have no prop  
We're in a spin or else we blow our top.  
So, a toast to the host of the men who coast--  
The U.S. Chair Force.

ROTC

(My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

(82 )

Ch, take down your service flag mother,  
Your son is as safe as can be.  
Oh, take down your service flag mother,  
Your son's in the ROTC....

CHORUS: R..O..R..O..  
Your son's in the ROTC....TC.  
R..O..(R..O..  
Your son's in the ROTC

I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE MISTRESS

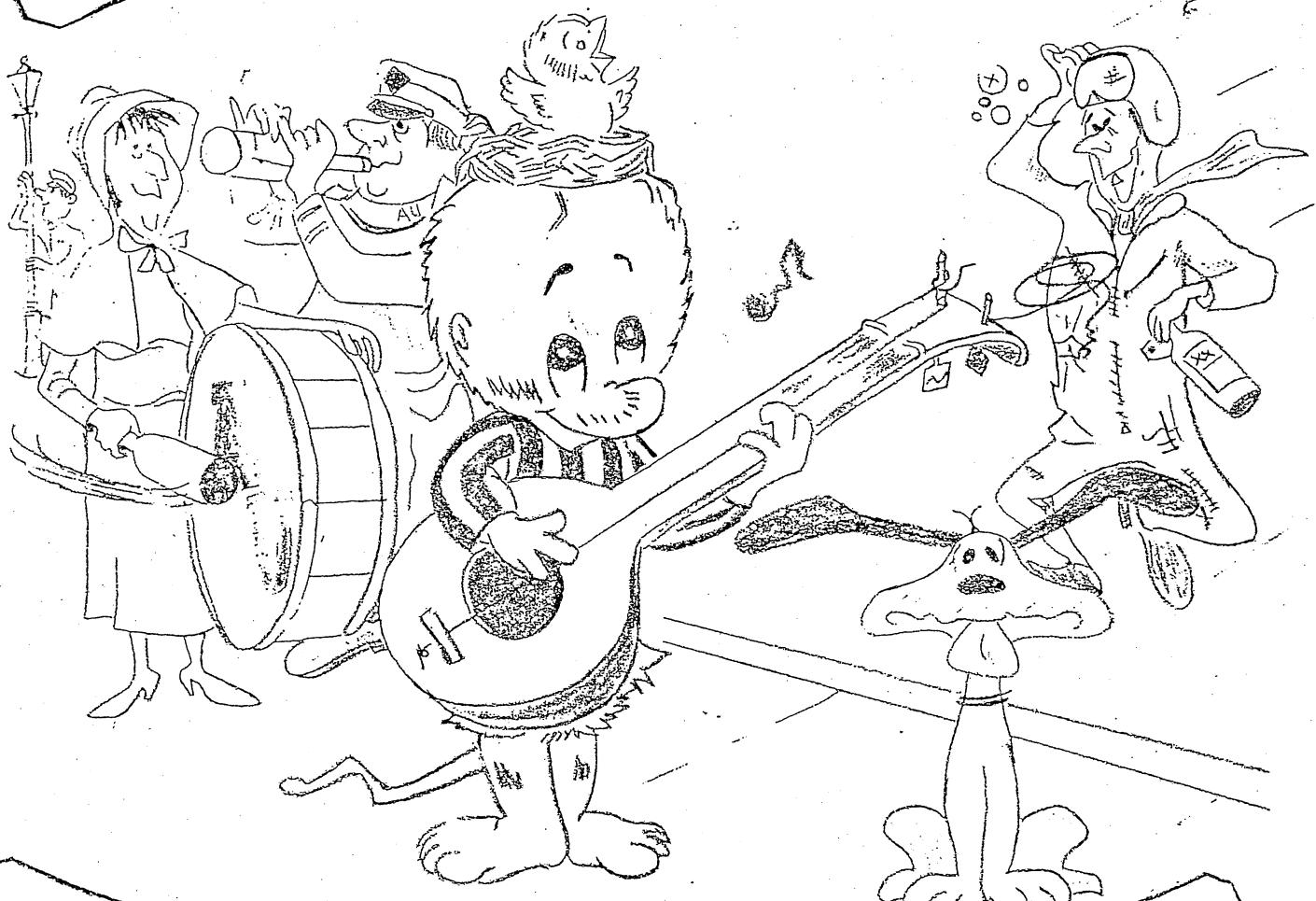
(83 )

I'm dreaming of a white mistress,  
Just like the ones I used to know.  
With lips empassioned and charms unratiomed,  
And thighs that glistem like the snow.  
I'm dreaming of a white mistress,  
The kind that the Arabs do not know.  
For though colors may change at night,  
Yet, may all my mistresses be white.

I'm dre<sup>m</sup>ing of a white mistress,  
Unmarred by wind or dust or sun.  
Like a supple willow, with breasts to pillow  
My tired head when day is done.  
I'm dreaming of a white mistress,  
Who's neither yellow, tan, nor black,  
But dream<sup>ing</sup>'s not any fun, so  
Knock it off and let's all hit the sack.

11 X  
TUES

# CONGOF



# WAGTHIC

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STAND TO YOUR GLASSES READY

(1)

(To be sung standing with glasses raised)

We stand 'neath the resounding rafters  
The walls around us are bare  
They echo back our laughter  
Seems that the dead are all there

Each died the death of a hero  
In wreckage of wire and steel  
For mortal stakes they gambled  
With cards that were stacked for the deal

CHORUS: Stand to your glasses ready  
This world is a world of lies  
Her's a health to the dead already  
Hurrah for the next man to die

We loop in the purple twilight  
We spin in the silvery dawn  
With a trail of smoke behind us  
Toshow where our comrades have gone

Denied by the God who bore us  
Leaving the ones they held dear  
The good have all gone before us  
And only the dull are still here

PARTIES, BANQUETS AND BALLS

(2)

(Take me out to the ball game)

Parties, banquets and balls, boys  
Parties, banquets and balls  
As our good colonel has said before  
There's only one way to stay out of war  
That's with parties, banquets and balls, boys  
Parties banquets and balls  
We'll have parties and banquets  
And banquets and parties  
And Balls, Balls, Balls!

We're never too busy to say hello  
We're never too busy to say hello  
We're never too busy to say hello  
Hello, Hello, Hello!

HAIL THE FALCON

(3)

(Clementine)

Hail the falcon, Hail the falcon  
With his tail up in the air,  
----- name--rank-----  
You can kiss what's under there.

RETORT:example

Hail the falcon, Hail the falcon,  
I (we) Heard you when you sang  
I(we) didn't like it, but I'll(We'll) kiss it  
Cause tomorrow you will PRANG

WENT FLYING (See #85)

(4)

(Ghost riders in the sky)

The ~~\*\*~~ troops went flying, one dark and windy day  
And as they taxied by I could hear the colonel say  
I see my boys are flying and I feel so goddam proud  
The ~~\*\*~~ Fighter Squadron's going to penetrate a cloud.

(\*\* Put in your own outfit.)

CHUG-A-LUG

(5)

Here's to \_\_\_\_\_ He's true blue  
He's a drunkard through and through  
He's a rounder, so they say  
He tried to get to heaven  
But he went the other way

So dring chug a lug, chug a lug, chug a lug  
So drink chug a lug, chug a lug, chug a lug

Hooray for \_\_\_\_\_  
Hooray at last  
Hooray for \_\_\_\_\_  
He's a horses ass

FIGHTER PILOTS

(6)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
The place is full of queers,  
Navigators, Bombardiers  
But therd are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
The auto pilot's on,  
He's reading sex books in the jahn  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
His gyros are uncaged,  
And his women overaged  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in group  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in group  
The place is full of brass  
Sitting 'round on thier fat ass  
Oh there ore no fighter pilots 'p in group

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice  
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice  
It'll wreck your reputation,  
And increase the population  
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice

Oh look at those from SAGE in our club  
Oh look at those from SAGE in our club  
They don't party they don't sing  
The llth does everything  
Oh look at those from SAGE in our club

When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
He don't drink his share of suds  
All he does is flub his dub  
When a bomber jockey walks into our club

FIGHTER PILOTS (cont'd)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
They are all up above, drinking whiskey, making love,  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell

GROUP HEADQUARTERS  
(Pepsi-Cola)

(7)

Group headquarters that's the spot  
Three bull colonels, that's a lot  
Six or seven L.C.s too  
Group headquarters is the place for you  
Chicken chicken chicken chicken etc.

HAND ON THE THROTTLE (Chant)

(8)

LEADER: Hand on the throttle (Repeat in unison)  
All eight of them (Repeat in unison)  
Release the brakes (Repeat in unison)  
All sixteen of them (Repeat in unison)

ALL SING TOGETHER: Off we go, into the wild blue yonder.... CRASH!\$

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

(9)

(Mine eyes have seen the glory)

By the ring around his eyeball you can tell a bombardier  
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread around his rear  
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, maps and such  
You can tell a fighter pilot, but you cannot tell him much

THE K.C. ROLLS

(10)

(Battle hymn of the republic)

The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls  
The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls  
The 135 rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls  
And rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls.

CHORUS: Glory glory water injection  
Glory glory water injection  
Glory glory water injection  
For it rolls and rolls and rolls and rolls  
And rolls and rolls and rolls.

The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours  
The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours  
The B-52 flies for hours and hours and hours  
And hours and hours and hours and hours and hours.

CHORUS: Glory glory rubber cushions  
Glory glory rubber cushions  
Glory glory rubber cushions  
For it flies for hours and hours and hours  
And hours and hours and hours.

NOW HERE'S A TRUE STORY  
(Sweet Betsy from Pike)

(11)

Now here's a true story that you ought to hear  
The reason why all bomber jockeys are queer  
While going through flight school the instructor did shout  
It's bombers for you or we're washing you out

They took to the heavens with ten men aboard  
And after a week they were all quite bored  
And after they landed, or so I've heard tell  
Each one of the ten were just queerer than hell (Last line in squeaky voice)

BESIDE A MINNESOTA WATERFALL

(12)

Beside a Minnesota waterfall, one bright and sunny day  
Beside his shattered 102 a young pursuiter lay  
His parachute hung from a near-by tree, he was not yet quite dead  
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said.

I'm going to a better land where everything is right  
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles  
And there's poker every night  
There's not a single thing to do but sit around and sing  
With many lewd nude women

Oh death where is thy sting  
Oh death where is thy sting, ting a ling  
Oh death where is thy sting  
The bells of hell will ring, ting a ling  
For you but not for me

Oh... Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass  
Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass  
Ting a ling a ling ling blow it out your ass  
Better days are comming bye and bye

THE BOEING TANKER  
(The great ship Titanic)

(13)

Oh they built the Boeing tanker, and when they were through  
They said "Here is a ship that will fly a month or two"  
But a wire touched a wire and it started up a fire  
It was sad when the K.C. went down

CHORUS: Oh it was sad, Oh it was sad  
It was sad when the K.C. went down (into Boston)  
Husbands and wives, itty bitty children lost thier lives  
It was sad when the K.C. went down

They were cruising over Boston when the colonel gave a shout  
"Airman, get below and put that fire out!"  
The airmen went below, they were the first to go  
It was sad when the K.C. went down

And they were awaiting instructions to bail out  
The colonel tried to give them but he couldn't get them out  
You see, he had a lisp, so they all burned to a crisp  
It was sad when the K.C. went down

THE BOEING TANKER (Cont'd)

The tanker hit old Boston with a terrifying roar  
It bore into a school house tween the first and second floor  
School busses in the street were filled with cooking meat  
It was sad when the K.C. went down

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

(14)

CHORUS: Just give me operations  
Out on some lonely atoll  
For I am too young to die  
I just want to go home

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter-rotate  
They'll loop and they'll spin but they soon auger in  
Don't give me a P-38

Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind  
It will tumble and roll and dig a big hole  
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all squawk  
It flew like an arrow but it's gear was too narrow  
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt  
It looks like a jug but it flies like a tug  
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the Hun  
But with coolant tank dry you'll soon run out of sky  
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a P-61 for night flying is no fun  
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark  
Don't give me a P-61

Don't give me an F- Shooting Star, It'll go but not very far  
It'll rumble and spout but soon will flame out  
Don't give me an F Shooting Star

Don't give me an F-84, their pilots aren't here any more  
They bombed in that crate but they pulled out too late  
Don't give me an F-84

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken match sticks  
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover  
Don't give me an F-86

Don't give me an 86-D with over drive and TV  
She won't go too fast and she'll clobber your ass  
Don't give me an 86-D

Don't give me an F-89 though "Time" says she really will climb  
They're all in the states all boxed up in their crates  
Don't give me an F-89

### GIVE ME OPERATIONS (Cont)

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score  
It may fly in weather but wont hold together  
Don't give me an F-94.

Don't give me an F-one oh oh, it flies like a sled we all know  
It may go mach one, but that's not much fun  
Don't give me an F-one oh oh

Don't give me an F-101, the pilots don't have any fun  
It's engines are twins but it still augers in  
Don't give me an F-101

Don't give me an F-102 the dart that you see in the blue  
Their pilots all wail that it has no tail  
Don't give me an F-102

Don't give me an F-104 some call it a dirty old whore (girl)  
It may hurt a Mig but it's still just a pig  
Don't give me an F-104

### I WANNA GO HOME

(15)

I wanna go home, I wanna go home  
I don't want to fly in this farce any more  
Leave the mess for the regular corp  
Take me off alert  
I'm too young to get hurt  
Oh...My... I'm too young to die  
I just wanna go home

### SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS

(16)

It was midnight in Duluth, all the pilots were in bed  
When up stepped Colonel \_\_\_\_\_ and this is what he said  
(I hate this bloody place)  
"Pilots, gentle pilots, pilots one and all  
Night fighters, gentle night fighters." and the pilots shouted "BALLS"  
When up stepped a young lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass  
"You can take those goddam 102s and shove them up your ass."

CHORUS: Sing Hallelujah, sing Hallelujah  
Throw a nickle in the grass  
Save a fighter pilot's ass  
Sing Hallelujah, sing Hallelujah  
Throw a nickle in the grass and you'll be saved

Lying in the gutter, all covered over with beer  
Pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near  
Then came the glorious Airforce to save me from the hearse  
Everybody bust a gut and sing the second verse

I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked alright  
I turned from base to final, my God I pulled it tight  
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday spin instructions please

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS (Cont'd)

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground  
Heard a call from mobile, "Pull up and go around!"  
I yanked that deuce up in the air a dozen feet or more  
The engine quit, I almost spit, the gear came through the floor

(17)

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPS

(Bless 'em all)

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all  
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all  
Bless old man Convair for building this jet  
I know a man who is cussing him yet  
Cause he tried to go right through the wall  
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all  
The needles did cross and the wings did come off  
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all

Through the wall, Throught the wall  
Through the bloody invisible wall  
That transonic journey is nothing but rough  
As bad as a ride on the local base bus  
So I'm staying away from it all  
Subsonic for me and that's all  
If you're hot you might make it  
But you'll probably break it  
Your butt or your neck, not the wall

(18)

SHARECROP

(You are my sunshine)

You are my Sharecrop, my only Sharecrop  
You guide my fighters through skies of grey  
I chase your bogies from here to Fargo  
Just to find they went the other way

The other day boys, as I was flying  
I heard a Sharecrop controller say  
I've got a bogie way down by Bismark  
Won't you head your jet that-a-way

He said he had me in radar contact  
And I believed him like a dope  
I flew to Bismark and still no bogie  
He had chased a fly across the scope

You were my Sharecrop, my only Sharecrop  
How could you let me down this way  
My chute was swinging, they heard me singing  
Won't you take my sharecrop away

THREE JOLLY PILOTS

(19)

Three jolly pilots sat within a chinese hostel  
Three jolly pilots sat within a chinese hostel  
Then they decided to  
Then they decided to  
Then they decided to.....  
Have another brew or two

CHORUS: Drink, drink and let's be gay  
    Drink, drink and let's be gay  
    Drink, drink and let's be gay  
    Let's have another

For he who drinks root beer and goes to bed quite sober  
For he who drinks root beer and goes to bed quite sober  
Fades as the lilly fades  
Fades as the lilly fades  
Fades as the lilly fades  
And dies by next October

But he who lives it up, and goes to bed quite mellow  
But he who lives it up, and goes to bed quite mellow  
Lives as he ought to live  
Lives as he ought to live  
Lives as he ought to live  
And dies a happy fellow

BROWN MOUSE

(20)

Oh... The whiskey was spilt on the bar room floor  
And the bar was closed for the night  
When... Out of his hole crept a little brown mouse  
And he sat in the pale moon light

He... licked up the liquor on the bar room floor  
And back on his haunches he sat  
And... all night long you could hear him shout  
Bring on your goddam cat.

O'LEARY'S BAR

(21)

Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving  
O'Leary was closing the bar  
When he turned and he said to the lady in red  
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."

She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer  
As she thought of the cold night ahead  
When the gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper  
And these are the words that he said.

"Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know  
About the ways of these Airforce men, and how they come and go.  
Age has taken her beauty, and sin has left its sad scar  
So remember your sisters and mothers, boys,  
And let her sleep under the bar."

SOMEBODY STOLE MY DRAWERS  
(Somebody stole my gal)

(22)

Somebody stole my pants  
I lost them at a dance  
Somebody stole my panties from me  
I didn't even  
Know they were leaving

I miss my panties so  
I'll catch a cold I know  
Gee, if he could see  
Me standing here in my brassiere  
He'd bring my panties right back to me  
Somebody stole my panties from me  
Somebody stole my drawers

MINNIE THE MERMAID

(23)

Many's the night I spent with Minnie the Mermaid  
Down at the bottom of the sea  
Down among the corals Minnie lost her morals,  
Gee gut she was good to me  
Now ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
There were two twin beds and in only one of them us  
Now you can easily see she's not my mother  
Because my mother is forty-nine  
And you can easily see she's not my sister  
Cause I'd never show my sister such a helluva good time  
And you can easily see she's not my sweetie  
Cause my sweetie's too refined  
She's just a slip of a kid who didn't care what she did  
She's just a personal friend of mine,  
Down by the boat house,  
A personal friend of mine.

THE SOUSE FAMILY

(24)

Drink, Drank, Drunk, Drunk  
Drink, Drank, Drunk, Drunk  
Drunk last night, drunk the night before  
Gonna get drunk tonight, Like I never got drunk before  
Cause when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be  
For I am a member of the Souse family.

Now the Souse family is the best family  
That ever came over from old Germany.  
There's the highland Dutch and the low land Dutch  
The Rotterdam Dutch and the Other Däm Dutch

Sing Glorious, sing Glorious  
One keg of beer for the four of us  
Oh, Glory be to God that there are no more of us  
For one of us could drink it all alone. ( Damn near )  
Here's to the Irish, dead drunk  
The lucky stiffs....

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

(25)

Sally in the alley sifting cinders  
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man  
Wind from her bloomers blew six winders  
Cheeks of her ass went  
BAM! BAM! BAM!

PUSAN U

(26)

We were roaming 'round the country side, 'Twas down by Pusan Bay  
We stopped into a local bar to pass the time away  
I met a gal from old Chin Ju, She was a sight to view  
I asked her where she came from, and she said "Pusan U "

CHORUS: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U

The finest school in all the land  
The university that's grand  
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
I hail my Alma Mater  
To you, Oh, Pusan U

I enrolled in that great college, Founded by Kim Pac Su  
'Twas built of honeybuckets so they called it Pusan U  
The smell it was terrific but fortune saw me through  
So now I lift my glass to the school of Pusan U

I saw a girl most beautiful, she was a sight to view  
She won a beauty contest, she was crowned Miss Pusan U  
They spotted her in Hollywood, Now she's a star there too  
When asked to what she owes her fame she says "Oh Pusan U "

We have an A-1 baseball team, we win our games right through  
They ask us where we come from, and we say "Pusan U"  
We have a pitcher who is tops, our batters are good too  
And every time we come to bat the crowd yells "Pusan U"

PADDY MURPHY

(27)

The night that Paddy Murphy died  
I never shall forget  
The whole damned town got stinking drunk  
And some ain't sober yet

The only thing they did that night  
That filled my heart with fear  
They took the ice right off the corpse  
And put it on the beer

That's how they showed their respects for Paddy Murphy  
That's how they showed him their sorrow and their pride  
That's how they showed their respects for Paddy Murphy  
Respect for Paddy Murphy on the night that Paddy died

Hooray for Paddy, Paddy, Hooray for Paddy  
Someone's in the kitchen yelling Hooray for Paddy  
Ein Schwei, Drei, Vier, Who's gonna buy the beer?  
Hooray for Paddy, he's a damned swell guy

COMING DOWN THE HILL

(28)

Coming down the hill about a hundred miles an hour  
When the chain on his bicycle broke  
He was found in the grass with the handlebar up his ass  
He was tickled to death by the spokes

DIGGING UP FATHER'S GRAVE

(29)

They're digging up father's grave to make a sewer  
They're going about the job at some expense  
They're disturbing his remains  
To put in four inch drains  
To satisfy some local residents... Gor Blimey

So when they get the urge to defecate some  
Father will return to right the wrong  
He'll dress up in his white sheets  
And haunt the ~~outhouse~~ seats  
And not a bloody one will stay for long... Gor Blimey

Now won't there be some bloody constipation  
And won't the bloody bastards rant and rave  
They had so damn much nerve  
They'll get what they deserve  
For buggerin' up a British workman's grave.

BOOZIN BUDDIES

(30)

A Fighter pilot lay dying  
The medics had left him for dead  
All around him women were crying  
And these are the words that he said

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky  
Bosom buddies while boozin  
We are the boys they send out to die  
Bosom buddies while boozin

Take the tailpipe out of my stomach  
Take the burner out of my brain  
Take the turbine out of my kidney  
And assemble the unit again

Up in headquarters they scream and they shout  
Bosom buddies while boozin  
Talking of things they know nothing about  
Bosom buddies while boozin

CHORUS: We are the boys who fly high in the sky  
Bosom buddies while boozin  
Bosom buddies while boozin  
Bosom buddies while boozin

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIRFORCE

(31)

Come on and join the Airforce, we're a happy band they say  
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day  
While others work and study, and soon grow old and blind  
We take to the air without a care and you will never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind  
So come on and join the Airforce and you will never mind

Come on and get promoted, as high as you desire  
You're riding on a gravy train, If you're an Airforce flyer  
Just about the time you get to general you'll find  
Your wings fall off, the dough rolls in, and you will never mind

You take it up and spin it, and with an awful tear  
Your wings fall off, the ship spins in, but you will never care  
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find  
You'll dance with Pete in an angel's suit, But you will never mind

COME AND JOIN THE AIRFORCE (Cont'd)

While flying over the ocean you hear your engine spit  
You watch the prop come to a stop, the goddam thing has quit  
The ship won't float, and you can't swim, the shore is far behind  
Oh what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind

While flying over Boston in an F-104  
There's just one thing to remember, as I have said before  
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits  
It will be up there all by itself, cause I will spit and git

And if some wiley Mig 19 should shoot you down in flames  
Don't sit around and belly ache and call that bastard names  
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk, and pretty soon you'll find  
There is no hell and all is well, and you will never mind

PRANG EM ALL  
(Bless em all)

(33)

There's an aircraft that's leaving today  
Bound for a far distant shore  
Heavily laden with browned off young men  
Bound for a land they abhor

So we're saying goodbye to them all  
The long and the short and the tall  
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean  
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

Prang em all, Prang em all  
The long and the short and the tall  
Prang all the blonds and the redheaded ones  
Prang all the brunettes and their bastard sons  
Cause we're saying goodbye to them all  
As back to the barracks we crawl  
No roses or violets for dead fighter pilots  
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

Prang em all, Prang em all  
The long and the short and the tall  
No roses or violets for dead fighter pilots  
So cheer up my lads, Prang em all

I WANTED WINGS  
(Korean version)

(34)

I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things  
Now I don't want them anymore.  
I don't want a tour in Korea that's sure  
I've had a belly ful of war  
I don't want my fanny frozen  
In that putrid land of Chosen  
Eighting Migs of Uncle Joe's  
In atmosphere that's frigid frozen, Buster,  
I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things  
Now I don't want them anymore

(Cont'd)

I WANTED WINGS (Cont'd)

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky  
Migs always make me barf my lunch  
For me there's no hey-day screaming  
"Bogies that-a-way"  
I'd rather be home with the bunch  
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off  
And that's when they shoot your ass off  
I would rather be home, Buster,  
I wanted wings, till I got the goddam things  
Now I don't want them anymore

AIR FORCE 806  
(Wabash Cannonball)

(35)

Listen to the shudder, the rumble and the roar  
I'm flying over Hibbing like I never flew before  
Feel the mighty surge of the engine, pipe temp's on the peg  
I'd give a million dollars to have it on base leg

Mayday, Duluth tower, this is 806  
I'm turning downwind and I'm in a fix  
My engine's running on the peg my fire lights are red  
You better call the crash crew and get them out of bed

Roger, Roger 806, this is Duluth tower  
I cannot call the crash crew, cause this is coffee hour  
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see  
Take it on around again, we have SAC VIP

Mayday, Duluth tower, won't you answer me  
For your information I'm landing on 23  
I know I've got a fire in back, I think she's going to blow  
I may buy this 102 so look out down below

Mayday, Duluth tower, 806 on base  
I cannot get my gear down, they won't come down in place  
I'm going to buy this 102 no matter what they say  
But I'll never have the form-1 fixed before the judgement day

Greetings Air Force 806, this is judgement day  
You're in pilot's heaven and you're here to stay  
You just bought a 102 and you bought it well  
But the famous Air Force 806 was sent straight down to hell

CDE TO THE OPERATIONS OFFICER  
(Money rolls in)

(36)

You ought to be dead you old bastard  
You ought to be damned well shot  
You ought to be tied to the floor of a cowhouse  
And left there to damned will rot

I've sat in this damn cockpit for hours and hours  
I've stuck it as long as I could  
I've stuck it and stuck it so now I say ram it  
My ass hole's not made out of wood

ON TOP OF OLD PYONG-YANG  
(On Top Of old Smokey)

On top of old Pyong-Yang  
All covered with flack  
I lost my poor wing man  
He'll never be back

For flying's a pleasure  
And dying's a grief  
And a quick triggered commie  
is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you  
And take all you save  
But a quick triggered commie  
will send you to your grave

Now the grave will decay you  
And turn you to dust  
Not one commie in a thousand  
Can a poor pilot trust

Now when the bad weather  
Keeps the ships down  
We will all hear  
This horrible sound

With throttle wide open  
He made his last pass  
On top of old Fuji  
He busted his ass

"G" Suits AND PARACHUTES  
(Bell Bottom Trousers)

(38)

Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery lane  
Her master was so kind to her, Her mistress was the same  
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be  
He was the cause of all her misery

CHORUS: Singing "G" suits and parachutes  
And uniforms of blue  
He'll fly a fighter  
Like his daddy used to do

He asked for a pillow to rest his weary head  
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead  
And she, like a silly girl, thinking it no harm  
Climed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm

Now in the morning before the break of day  
A five pound note he handed her and this to her did say  
If you have a daughter put ribbon in her hair  
And if you have a son get the bastard in the air

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see  
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee  
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly  
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by

(37)

Attention all pilots  
Now listen to this  
There'll be a short meeting  
That you dare not miss

They'll give us a lecture  
They'll give us some more  
But we have all heard them  
Twenty-five times or more

Attention all trainees  
You can't fight the group  
Whatever they tell you  
Is superfluous poop

On top of old Fuji  
All covered with snow  
I lost my jet pilot  
For flying too low

He put on an airshow  
He did it for me  
At altitude zero  
He clobbered a tree

(14)

There was 97 aircraft parked upon the apron  
 There wasn't any room you could see  
 Now the first 96 were of modern construction  
 And the last was an 86D

The first 47 were reserved for the majors  
 And the captains had the last 49  
 There was one more ship at the end of the apron  
 And the last ship on the line

It was old 97 and her fuselage was rusty  
 And her wings were warped and bent  
 She sagged in the meddle like a cow in the pasture  
 Like a cow that was quite content

Now a 2nd lieutenant walked into operations  
 And he asked for a ship or two  
 Young man, they said, we're mighty short of aircraft  
 But we'll see what we can do

It was old 97 and she had a fine record  
 But she hadn't been flown that year  
 She creaked and she groaned as he started up her engine  
 For she knew that her end was near

He flew over Duluth and west to Fargo  
 Till the ~~mist~~ began to fall  
 Till it settled right down on the tops of the mountain  
 And he couldn't see a thing at all

He turned to the left and he ran into a snowstorm  
 So he turned back to the right  
 When he spotted a railroad running in his direction  
 And he ended his last long flight

It was old 97 her nose in a mountain  
 And her wheels were on the track  
 Her throttle bent in a forwardly direction  
 And her engine was pointed back

Now listen to me all you Air Force ladies  
 Listen to this tale of woe  
 Never speak harsh words to your aviator boyfriend  
 He may leave you and never come back

THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL  
 (Mine eyes have seen the glory)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky  
 With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly  
 But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by  
 The Air Force has gone to hell

THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL (Cont'd)

CHORUS: Glory flying regulations  
Have them read at every station  
Crucify the man that breaks one  
The Air Force has gone to hell

My bones have felt their pounding throb a hundred thousand strong  
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the mighty wrong  
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song  
The Air Force has gone to hell

I've seen them in their sabres when their eyes were dancing flame  
I've seen their mach one power dives that added to their fame  
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame  
Their spirit's shot to hell

They flew F-86's through a living hell of flak  
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back  
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack  
Their technique's gone to hell

Yes, the ancient flying 80 and the fighting sabre too  
once ruled the bloody Yalu with their contrails in the blue  
But now the sky is empty and our planes are wet with dew  
And we can't fly for hell

You have heard their pounding fifties blaze from nose of polished steel  
The purring of their sabre was a song your heart could feel  
But now the T-bird charms you with it's moaning groaning squeal  
And it won't climb for hell

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song  
About the wild blue yonder and the days when men were strong  
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong  
The Air Force has gone to hell

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK  
(Strip Polka)

(41)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar  
You can see the old goat standing beside his office door  
He'll be sweating out the takeoff as he's often done before  
The man behind the armor plated desk

Four times he's led us up there and he's always led us back  
For he circled o'er the I.P. as we went in to attack  
He said, "I'm hard yet fair, boys, but allergic to ack ack."  
The man behind the armor plated desk

When the target's sighted who inspires our attack?  
Who says "Hundreds may go in, lads, but a few aren't coming back."  
Who says "We'll disregard the minimum, when you suppress the flack"  
The man behind the armor plated desk

And when the mission's over and debriefing they should be  
You can search the whole field over but not a pilot you will see  
For they'll all be at the "O" club with a mixed drink in their hand  
Singing "The Man Behind The Armor Plated Desk"

EARLY ABORT  
(McNamara's Band)

(42)

Oh, my name is Col.       , I'm the leader of the group  
Just step into my briefing room, I'll give you all the poop  
I'll tell you where the commies fly and where they like to roam  
I'll be the last one to take off, The first one to come home.

CHORUS: Early abort avoid the rush  
Early abort avoid the rush  
Early abort avoid the rush  
The        on parade

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things that they can do  
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true  
The pilot's, they are ready, but let their leader shout  
And all those bastards yell at once, "My gyros won't check out!"

Oh, we fly those bloody 102s a million miles an hour  
We can fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody shower  
And we fly so bloody fast, it fills us with alarm  
Loose a bloody rivet and you've surely bought the farm

Oh, we fly those bloody 102s at 90,000 feet  
We fly them through the rain and fog and through the bloody sleet  
And when we're flying bloody high, we're feeling awfully low  
Loose the cabin pressure and it'll be an awful blow

And now I'm sure you know of all the leaders in the wing  
Any night in the "O" club you can hear how well they sing  
With words they fight a helluva war, they say they want to fly too  
But you give them half a chance to fly and here's what they will do

But now there's no war going on and we're all in the U.S.A.  
We'll fly the planes in all war games and do what the generals say  
But if we have another war, and they send us overseas  
To hell with all the general staffs, to hell with those S.O.B.s

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE  
(My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

(43)

In peace time the regulars are happy  
In peace time they're happy to serve  
But let them get into a fix  
And they'll call out the goddam reserves  
CHORUS:

Call out, call out  
Call out the goddam reserves, reserves  
Call out, call out  
Oh, Call out the goddam reserves

Here's to the regular Air Force  
They have such a wonderful plan  
They call out the goddam reservists  
Whenever the spit hits the fan

They call up every old pilot  
They call up every young man  
The reservists all go to Korea  
The regulars all stay in Japan

Here's to the regular Air Force  
With medals and badges galore  
If it weren't for the goddam reservists  
Their ass would be dragging the floor

Fight on, fight on  
Fight on regular Air Force  
Fight on, fight on  
Fight on, fight on  
Regular Air Force fight on

BROWN, BROWN

(44)

There once was a maiden named Adeline Guff  
Said "Faith and begorra, I must have a Stuff  
I can't lay here farting and just passing gas."  
So she ups the window and hoists out her ass

CHORUS: It was brown, brown stuff falling down  
Brown, brown stuff fall around  
It was brown, brown shit falling down  
His life it was ruined by stuff, stuff, stuff!

A certain young copper was pounding his beat  
You could tell it was him by the sound of his feet  
When all of a sudden he looks up in the sky  
And a dirty brown ~~bird~~ hit him right in the eye

This certain young copper he cursed and he swore  
And he called A deline a dirty old whore  
By London bridge you can still see him sit  
With a sign hanging over him, "Blinded by stuff."

OUR OUTHOUSE

(45)

Please don't burn our outhouse down  
Mother has promised to pay  
Father's on the ocean waves  
Kate's in the family way  
Brother dear has gonorrhrea  
Times ate doggone hard  
So please don't burn our outhouse down  
Or we'll have to crap in the yard

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

(46)

(My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

My father makes beer in the bath tub  
My mother makes three kinds of gin  
My sister makes love for a living  
My God, how the money rolls in

CHORUS: Rolls in, Rolls in  
My God how the money rolls in rolls in  
Rolls in, Rolls in  
My God how the money rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary  
Wot saves pure young maidens from sin  
He'll save you a blond for ten dollars  
My God how the money rolls in

I've an uncle who was a nightwatchman  
Who spent all his night in a pit  
He used to come home in the morning  
All covered all over with spit

One night was so dark and so stormy  
When uncle went down to the pit  
The wind went and blew out his candle  
And uncle fell down in the spit

Poor uncle has never recovered  
From his accident down in the pit  
His funeral takes place tomorrow  
He'll be buried in six feet of spit

ON A STUMP.

(47)

He laid her ass upon a stump  
He laid her ass upon a stump  
He laid her ass upon a stump  
SLOWLY: And... then... he...

FAST: Missed her ass and hit the stump  
Missed her ass and hit the stump  
HA HA HA HO HO HO... HORSE CRAP

CATS ON THE ROOF TOPS

(48)

Cats on the roof tops, cats on the tiles  
Cats with the syphilis, cats with the piles  
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles  
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Hipopotamus so it seems  
Very seldom has wet dreams  
But when he does it comes in streams  
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Down in the Pampas, down in the grass  
Mamma armadillo has an iron bound ass  
But papa armadillo has a thing of brass  
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Way down south where the alligators roar  
There isn't such a thing as an alligator whore  
Because all the alligators are so sore  
As we revel in the joys of copulation

Now the donkey on the common is a jolly old bloke  
He very seldom gets his poke  
But when he does, he lets it soak.  
As we revel in the joys of copulation

NELLIE DARLING

(49)

Oh, your asshole's like a stove pipe, Nellie darling,  
And the nipples on your tits are turning green  
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel  
You're the ugliest doggone bitch I've ever seen

There's a million crabs abounding round your privates  
When you pee, you pee a stream as green as grass  
There's enough was in your ear to make a candle  
So why not make one, dear, and shove it up your ass

SIDNEY SPECIAL

(50)

Monday I touched her on the ankle  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee  
And Wednesday after mess, I lifted up her dress  
And Thursday her chemise, Gor Blimey  
Friday I put me hand upon it  
Saturday she gave me ball a tweak  
And it was Sunday after supper, I slipped the whole thing up her  
And now I'm paying seven bob a week, Gor Blimey  
I don't want to join the army, I don't want to go to war  
I just want to hang around Picadilly underground  
Living off the earnings of a high class laydie  
Don't want a bullet up me arshole, Don't want me buttocks shot away  
I'd rather stay in England, Jolly Jolly England  
And fornicate me bloody life away, Gor Blimey  
Call out the members of the home guard, They'll make life worthwhile  
Call out the royal Territorials, They'll face dangers with a smile  
Call out the army and the navy, they'll keep England free  
You can call out me mother, me sister and me brother  
But for Christ's sake don't call me

O'RILEY'S DAUGHTER

(51)

As I was sitting in O'Riley's tavern  
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter  
Came a thought into my mind  
Why not shag O'Riley's daughter

CHORUS:

Fiddle dee ie ee, fiddle de ie oo  
Fiddle dee ie ee, for the one ball Riley  
Rig a jig jig sing balls and all  
Rub a dub dub shag on

I grabbed that she bitch by the tit  
Then I threw my left leg over  
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more  
Shagged till the fun was over

Came a knock upon my door  
Who should it be but her one ball father  
Two horse pistols in his hands  
looking for the guy who shagged his daughter

I grabbed that bastard by the ball  
I shoved his head in a pail of water  
Rammed those pistols up his ass  
A helluva lot faster than I shagged his daughter

Now as I go walking down the street  
People shout from every corner  
(Shout and point) There goes the dirty son-of-a-bitch  
The guy that snagged O'Riley's daughter

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

(52)

An airman told me before he died  
And I don't think that the bastard lied  
That he had a girl with a thing so wide  
That she could never be satisfied

So he built a thing of steel  
Driven by a great bloody wheel  
Two brass balls he filled with cream  
And the whole doggong issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel  
In and out went the thing of steel  
Until at last the maiden cried  
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied!"

Now we come to the bitter bit  
There was no way of stopping it  
The maid was torn from ass to tit  
And the whole doggong issue was covered with .....

Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses  
Covered all over over from head to toe  
Covered all over with ... spit

HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain  
 From flushing toilets while the train  
 Is standing in the station. I love you  
 As we go strolling in the park  
 And goosing statues in the park  
 If Sherman's horse can take it why can't you

You're the gut that did the pushing  
 Put the wet spots on my cushion  
 Foot prints on the dash board upside down  
 Every since you met my daughter  
 She's had trouble passing water  
 Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy that did the pushing  
 Put the wet spots on your cushion  
 Foot prints on the dashboard upside down  
 Since I've met your daughter Venus  
 I've had trouble with my penis  
 Wish I'd never seen your goddam town

NO BALLS AT ALL

Gather you rounders and listen to me  
 I'll tell you a story that'll fill you with glee  
 It's about a young maiden so fair and so tall  
 Who married a man who had no balls at all...WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all,  
 She married a man who had no balls at all

On their wedding night when she jumped into bed  
 Her cheeks were all roseay her lips were all red  
 She reached for his thing, his thing was small  
 She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all...WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all  
 She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Mother, dear mother, I wish I were dad  
 I'll go to my grave with my own maidenhead  
 My future is slender, my hopes they are small  
 For I've married a man who has no balls at all...WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all,  
 For I've married a man who has no balls at all

Daughter, dear daughter, now don't be so sad  
 I had the same trouble when I married your dad  
 But many's the flyer who will answer the call  
 Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all...WHAT?

No balls at all, no balls at all  
 She married a man who had no balls at all

### NO BALLS AT ALL (Cont'd)

Now this young maid took her mother's advice  
And found the proceedings exceedingly nice  
And a bouncing young baby was born in the fall  
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all... WHAT??

No balls at all, no balls at all  
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all

Now the babe was examined that very same night  
By a doctor who swore he examined it right  
And the thing that he found most peculiar of all  
Who's, the babe had a thing, but no balls at all...WHAT??

No balls at all, no balls at all  
The babe had a thing, but no balls at all

### DID MAN'S LAMENT

(55)

Now I'm old and feeble, my pilot light is out  
What used to be my sex appeal is now my water spout  
I used to be embarrassed, to make the thing behave  
For every single morning it would stand and watch me shave  
But now I'm growing older, and sure it gives me blues  
To have the thing hang down my leg and watch me shine my shoes.

### ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

(56)

Roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over  
Roll your leg over the man in the moon

I wish all the girls were like fish in the ocean  
And I were a whale, I'd teach them the motion

I wish all the girls were like little white rabbits  
And I were a bunny, I'd teach them bad habits

I wish all the girls were like B-29s  
And I a pursuit ship, I'd buzz their behinds

I wish all the girls were like bells in the tower  
And I were a clapper, I'd bong them for hours

I wish all the girls were like bricks in a pile  
And I were a mason, I'd lay them in style

### MY GAL'S A CORKER

(57)

My gal's a corker, she's a New Yorker  
I buy her everything to keep her in style  
She wears my coveralls, I stand and freeze my balls  
Hey, boys, that's where my money goes

She's got a pair of legs, just like two whiskey kegs  
She's got a pair of hips, just like a battleship  
She's got a hairy runt, just like an elephant  
She wears silk underwear, I wear my G.I. pair  
She's got a pair of tits, just like two boxing mits

I'M LOOKING UNDER (*I'm Looking Over*)

(58)

I'm looking under a dress and wonder  
Why I haven't looked before  
First comes the ankles, then comes the knees  
Then comes the panties that sway in the breeze  
No use explaining the thing remaining, is something we all adore  
I'm looking under a dress and wonder  
Why I haven't looked before

HI JIG A JIG

(59)

CHORUS: Singing.....

Hi Jig-a-jiggy, frap a little piggy sideways, (Scush Scush)  
My ideal woman is a big fat girl... whiz bang... some stick  
Two dollars you pay, for a bang up each way  
and a tune on a spanish guitar, Plink Plank Plunk

The captain he rides in a motorboat  
The admiral rides in a gig  
It won't go a goddam bit faster  
But it makes the old bastard feel big

We all may be dead tomorrow  
No one gives a flip but our wives  
Let's drink and get royally plastered  
And enjoy what we can of our lives

Oh, the sexual life of the camel  
Is stranger than anyone thinks  
In moments of amorous passion  
He tried to make love to the Sphinx  
But the Sphinx's posterior orifice  
Was clogged by the sands of the Nile  
Which accounts for the humps on the camel  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile

I LOVE MY WIFE

(60)

I love my wife, (yes I do, yes I do) I love her true  
I love the hole she pee pees through  
I love her ruby red lips and her lilly white tits  
And the hair around her butthole  
I'd eat her stuff, chompety chomp, chompety chomp  
With a rusty spoon

SOUTH OF THE NAVEL

(61)

South of the navel, down testicle way  
That's where the battle's won when my big gun comes into play  
The doctor's have warned me, that I mustn't stray  
South of the navel, down testicle way

How she smiled as she kissed my banana, never dreaming that I was farting  
And I smiled as she kissed my banana, for my banana never came

South of the navel, down testicle way  
That's where I got the bug, as on the rug I hed my lay  
No more shall I wander, No more shall I stray  
South of the navel, down testicle way

TOGETHER

(62)

We both got drunk, together  
Took off our junk, together  
Lay in a bunk, together  
But it was no joke when the rubber broke

Now we have twins, together  
For we have sinned, together  
Now, take it from me, keep good company  
And keep both your legs together

OLD GREY BUSTLE

(63)

Put on your old grey bustle and get your fanny in a hustle  
For tomorrow the rent's comming due  
Put your ass in the clover, let the boys look it over  
If you can't get five, take two.

Put on your old pink panties, that used to be your aunties  
And we'll go for a tussle in the hay  
Now there's no use running cause you're gonna get some funning  
In the good old fashioned way

Put on your old grey corset, if it won't fit we'll force it  
For the fleet's comming in today  
As the bees make honey, let your ass make some money  
In the good old fashioned way

Put on that old blue cointment, to the crab's disappointment  
And take a shower once or twice a day  
Though it burns and itches, it will kill these sons-of-bitches  
In the good old fashioned way.

SAMMY SMALL

(64)

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, prang em all  
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, prang em all  
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I only have one ball  
But it's better than none at all, prang em all

Ch, they say I shot a man dead, prang em all  
Oh, they say I shot a man dead, prang em all  
Ch, they say I shot a man dead with a silly piece of lead  
Now the silly fellow's dead, prang em all

Oh, they say I'm going to swing, prang em all  
Oh, they say I'm going to swing, prang em all  
Oh, they say I'm going to swing from a silly piece of string  
What a silly frapping thing, prang em all

Oh, they say I greased the rope, prang em all  
Ch, they say I greased the rope, prang em all  
Oh, they say I greased the rope with a silly piece of soap  
What a silly crumping joke, prang em all

SAMMY SMALL (Cont'd)

Oh, the parson, he will come, prang em all  
Ch, the parson, he will come, prang em all  
Oh, the parson, he will come with his tales of kingdom come  
He can shove them up his bung, prang em all

Oh, the sheriff'll be there too, prang em all  
Oh, the sheriff'll be there too, prang em all  
Oh, the sheriff'll be there too with all his silly crew  
They've got nothing else to do, prang em all

Oh, the hangman will be there, prang em all  
Oh, the hangman will be there, prang em all  
Oh, he'll wear his silly mask for his silly crumping task  
Wh-t a silly frapping ass, prang em all

I saw Molly in the crowd, prang em all  
I saw Molly in the crowd, prang em all  
I saw Molly in the crowd and it made me feel so proud  
That I shouted right out loud, prang em all

PLEASE DON'T PUT YOUR PANTS ON

(65)

Please don't put your pants on  
We haven't said goodnight  
For two or three more hours  
I'm going to try with all my might  
You and your virtue, honey  
I'm not going to hurt you  
Please don't put your pants on  
Because we haven't said goodnight

THE WIFFENPOOF'S SONG

(66)

From the tables down at Mauries  
To the place where Louie dwells  
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well  
See the Whiffenpoofs assembled  
With their glasses raised on high  
And the magic of their singing casts a spell  
Yes the magic of their singing, and the songs we love so well  
"Am I wasting" and "Mavoorning" and the rest  
We will serenade our Louie, while life and love shall last  
Then we'll pass and be forgotten like the rest

We're poor little lambs

Who have lost our way

Baa, Baa, Baa

We're little black sheep

Who have gone astray

Baa, Baa, Baa

Gentlemen flyers off on a spree

Doomed from here to eternity

Lord, have mercy on such as we

Baa, Baa, Baa.

THE AIR FORCE SONG

(67)

Off we go into the wild blue yonder  
Climbing high, into the sun  
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder  
At em boys, giver her the gun.  
Down we dive spouting our flame from under  
Off with one heluva roar  
We live in flame or go down in flame  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

Here's a toast to the host of men who love the vastness of the sky  
To them we send the message of their brother men who fly  
We drink to those who gave their all of old  
As down we dive to scare the rainbow's pot of gold  
Here's a toast to the host of men who The U.S. Air Force

Off we go into the wild sky onder  
Keep your wings level and true  
If you'd live to be a grey haired wonder  
Keep your nose out of the blue  
Fighting men, guarding our nation's borders  
WE'll be there followed by more  
In echelon we'll carry on  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

RAVISHED

(68)

He grasped me by my slender neck, I could not call or scream  
He took me to his dingy room, where we could not be seen  
He tore off all my flimsy wraps and gazed upon my form  
I was so very cold and damp, and he so hot and warm  
He pressed me to his eager lips, I could not make him stop  
He drained me of my very life, I gave him my last drop  
He made me what I am today, that's why you see me here  
A broken bottle thrown away, that once was full of beer

Alice Blue Gown

(69)

In her sweet little Alice blue gown  
The first time she lay on the ground  
She was bashful and shy  
When she opened my fly  
And the first time she saw it  
I thought she would die

It went up and wouldn't go down  
Until I finally had her on the ground  
I shoved it and shoved it  
My God how she loved it  
Underneath her Alice blue gown

Blue Heaven

(70)

A turn to the right, a little red light  
will lead you to my Blue Heaven  
You'll see a smiling face on a pillow case  
A form devine  
She's just a whore, she's been had before  
But now she's mine  
Just Molly and me, there'll never be three  
We're careful in my Blue Heaven

Manila Pom-Pom Song  
(Drinking Rum and Coca-Cola)

(71)

Have you ever been in the Philippines?  
The place is full of pom-pom queens  
The clap is bad but the syph is worse,  
So flub your dub for safety first.

CHORUS: Singing rum and coca-cola  
Come down to old Manila  
Both mother and daughter  
Working for the yankee dollar

The women with their dirty feet  
Walk up and down Manila street  
They come up close and whisper low  
"How about a little pom-pom, Joe?"

The Philippine pimp is very smart,  
He gets his dough before you start.  
The pom-pom there is very nice,  
But twenty pesos is a helluva price

AFTER THE BALL

(72)

After the ball was over,  
Mary took out her glass eye,  
Put her peg leg in the corner,  
Hung up her false hair to dry,  
Put her false teeth in a tumbler,  
Hung her wax tit on the wall.  
Not much was left of Mary—  
After the ball.

LAST NIGHT I HEID A LITTLE HAND  
(Genevieve)

Last night I held a little hand,  
So dainty and so neat.  
I thought my heart would surely break,  
So loudly did it beat.

(73)

No other hand unto my heart,  
Could greater solace bring,  
Than the hand I held last night...  
Four aces and a king.

WEST MICHIGAN STREET  
(Isle of Capri)

'Twas on west Michigan Street that I met her  
She was drunk, and her name was Marie  
She wispered so no one could hear her,  
"Would you like to come upstairs with me?"

Her eyes were as blue as the ocean,  
Her lips were of a very deep hue,  
I slipped twenty bucks in her pocket,  
Took my place at the end of the queue.

T'was only a few minuets later,  
That I went to her small room above,  
And there for a very brief moment,  
I partook of that popular love.

When I awoke the next morning,  
I was worried, as worried as could be,  
For that very brief moment of pleasure  
Had been, oh, so costly to me.

Now the moral of this little story  
Is plain, as maybe you'll see  
If you ever go down into Duluth,  
Stay away from west Michigan Street

IT'S TRAGIC

(75)

You sigh, your teeth fall out  
You smile, and I smell sauerkraut  
It's tragic  
The birds desert the air  
And rush to nestle in your hair  
It's tragic

IF YOU FLY AN '89'

(76)

If you fly an Eighty-nine,  
You must be deaf, dumb, and blind,  
For your life ain't worth a dime--  
What's your scheduled blow-up time?

CHORUS: Did you go boom today?  
Did you go boom today?  
Allison ain't here to stay

If you fly a Ninety-four,  
You will never holler more,  
For your lot we do pine,  
But it's better than an Eighty-nine.

If you fly an Eighty-six  
You will really get your kicks,  
Bouncing those subsonic boys  
Playing with their radar toys.

Final chorus is the same as above but end with :"We fly GEEEEE!!

THOSE SWINGING DOORS

(77)

"Twas a Saturday night ~~on the old~~ Air Force Base,  
The barroom was merry and gay  
And far from this laughter a mother did wait  
For Pop to come home with his pay

"Oh, Mother, dear Mother, oh, where can he be?"  
The daughter exclaimed through her tears  
The mother replied, "I'm sadly afraid,  
Your father has stopped for some beers."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out  
While some pass in and others pass out  
Your father, I fear, has his nose in some beer,  
Behind those swinging doors.....  
Behind those swinging doors

"Now I shall go fetch him," the daughter did say,  
"He shant bring disgrace to our name"  
So straightway she went to the Officer's Club  
To save her poor father from shame.

"Oh Father, dear Father, come home with me now,  
The clock in the steeple strikes two.  
The rent's to be paid and I'm sadly afraid,  
You'll spend all of your money for brew."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out,  
While some pass in and others pass out.  
Through the smoke and the haze, there stands Pop in a daze  
Behind those swinging doors.....  
Behind those swinging doors.

Each Saturday night ~~on the old~~ Air Force Base,  
The pilots come in with their gold  
And Father blows in all his wages for gin,-  
And Nellie goes home in the cold.

"Oh, Mother," She wailed, "My mission I've failed,  
My father will ne'er mend his ways."  
The mother replied, "It's always the same,  
It's always the woman who pays."

CHORUS: Oh, the doors swing in and the doors swing out,  
While some pass in and others pass out.  
The story is told of a fool and his gold,  
Behind those swinging doors.....  
Behind those swinging doors.

WE FLY DEUCES (Bye-Bye Blackbirds)

(78)

Here we stand down on the ground  
We can't fly when there's clouds around  
We fly Deuces  
Go in fast and come out slow,  
Hit a cloud and down we go,  
We fly Deuces

No one here can penetrate a bumper  
You should hear the bull spit ~~Deuce~~ air  
hands us  
Mix those drinks and mix em right  
Because we're standing down tonight,  
Deuces we fly

MY DARLING 102

(My Darling Clementine)

In the cockpit of my fighter,  
Trying hard to go mach two,  
But, alas, my engine faltered,  
Fare thee well, my 102.

CHORUS: Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,  
Oh, my darling 102  
You are lost and gone forever  
Fare thee well, my 102

(79) When you're spinning very flatly,  
And you've got a worried mind,  
That's all, brother, hit the jumpsack,  
Bid farewell to your 102.

All the brass hats in our congress,  
They have signed the dotted line,  
They are lucky, they just bought it,  
And don't fly the 102.

JET PILOTS IN THE SKY

(Ghost Riders in the Sky)

(80)

A 102 got airborne one dark and windy day  
And as he raised the landing gear you could hear the pilot pray,  
"Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound,  
Don't let that fire go out, dear Lord, till I'm safely on the ground.

CHORUS: Yippi i yooh, Yippi i yay  
Jet pilots in the sky

And as our Deuces leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame,  
Our pilots all may go through hell, but they fly them just the same,  
The crew chiefs work forever to keep them flying high,  
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by.

Day and night our pilots fly, to live up to their name,  
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on in fame.  
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high,  
They cuss and cry, live and die-- jet pilots in the sky.

U.S. CHAIR FORCE SONG

(Air Force Song)

(81)

Here we go, into the file case yonder,  
Divining deep into the drawer.  
Here it is, buried away down under,  
The record we've been searching for.  
Off we go, into the CO's office,  
Where we get one helluva roar.  
We live in miles of paper files,  
Nothing will stop the U.S. Chair Force.

3rd verse  
Here we go, into the file case yonder,  
Keep the margins level and true.  
If you'd live to be a grey haired wonder  
Keep your nose out of the glue  
Office men, guarding the paper blizzard,  
We'll be there, followed by more.  
With dictionary, we're stationary--  
For nothing can move the U.S. Chair Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who slave  
with feet on desks so high.  
To a friend we will send a message of  
the trials of the swivel-chair guy.  
We type and file, and though we have no prop  
We're in a spin or else we blow our top.  
So, a toast to the host of the men who coast--  
The U.S. Chair Force.

ROTC

(My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

(82 )

Oh, take down your service flag mother,  
Your son is as safe as can be.

Oh, take down your service flag mother,  
Your son's in the ROTC....

CHORUS: R..O..R..O..  
Your son's in the ROTC....TC.  
R..O..R..O..  
Your son's in the ROTC

I'M DREAMING OF A WHITE MISTRESS

(83 )

I'm dreaming of a white mistress,  
Just like the ones I used to know.  
With lips empassioned and charms unrationed,  
And thighs that glisten like the snow.  
I'm dreaming of a white mistress,  
The kind that the Arabs do not know.  
For though colors may change at night,  
Yet, may all my mistresses be white.

I'm dreaming of a white mistress,  
Unmarred by wind or dust or sun.  
Like a supple willow, with breasts to pillow  
My tired head when day is done.  
I'm dreaming of a white mistress,  
Who's neither yellow, tan, nor black,  
But dreaming's not any fun, so  
Knock it off and let's all hit the sack.

